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PALESTINE POKER—SECOND DEAL

THE rising tide of murder and reprisal in Jerusalem has dispelled the last illusion—if any ever existed—that partition can be imposed without an international police force. Having sought and failed to obtain any sort of co-operation from Mr. Bevin, the Palestine Commission presented to the Security Council a dignified and unanswerable document. It argued that, since the Uno decision is being forcibly opposed by the Arabs, the prestige of the Assembly depends on successful enforcement. But the Commission, if it is to do its job with any semblance of judificial impartiality, cannot rely on a Jewish militia for protection and cannot permit the Haganah to take into its own hands the defence of the Uno decision against Arab violence from outside the Jewish territory.

This report placed the American Administration in a dilemma. For months, while supporting the partition plan, it has sabotaged any realistic proposals for its implementation. Its policy has been to preach partition so as to placate the Jews, and to see that it fails in practice so as to appease the Arabs. A Jewish reiteration that the Haganah could guarantee law and order without the aid of an international police force fitted perfectly with this American double-dealing. The State Department was well content to wink an eye at the violation of the arms embargo in exchange for an agreement that there should be no international police force. Meanwhile, the Democratic Party succeeded in reaching an informal agreement with the Republicans that Palestine should not be made a Party issue in the elections.

These nicely laid plans had to be scrapped last week-end. First the Commission filed its report. Then Mr. Wallace won the votes of the Jews in the Bronx with the slogan: "Mr. Truman talks Jewish and acts Arabic." Finally came the outrage in Jerusalem. Mr. Warren Austin took refuge in legal technicalities in order to make what was tantamount to a motion of acquiescence in the side-tracking of partition.

All this fits in well with Mr. Bevin's notions. As we indicated some weeks ago, his mind is set on a settlement along the lines of the Morrison Plan. The Jews must be made to accept a minority status with limited immigration in a federal Arab State. He knows that, without undue pressure, the Arab League can be induced to reconsider its repudiation of this solution, and he hopes that, now they realise the extent of American duplicity, the Zionists will be compelled to accept the inevitable. The stage is set for negotiations "on the basis of the Assembly's recommendation"—which means, in plain language, finding a compromise between the majority Report in favour of partition and the minority Report, which recommended a federal State.

What should the Jewish attitude be? They defeated the half-hearted British attempt to impose the White Paper by force, and they won the battle of the Assembly. Are they once again, as in 1939, to accept a settlement in clear violation of their rights, which has been extorted from Britain and America by Arab blackmail? The temper of Palestinian Jewry makes this impossible, whatever some members of the Jewish Agency may think.

On the other hand, it would be a grave blunder to refuse to negotiate. The partition proposals are by no means perfect—some of them are plainly impracticable; and they include recommendations for an economic union which goes a long way towards the idea of a federal State. As it is now clear that the Americans are not prepared to vote for an international police force, and support Mr. Bevin's plea for a renewed search for an agreed settlement, the Jews would be wise to realise that they have lost the second deal in the game of poker. That does not mean that they are bound to lose the third.

The Czech Crisis

It had become obvious during the past twelve months that the maintenance of Western-type political democracy in Czechoslovakia, based on an increasingly uneasy coalition of Left, Centre and Right in the National Front, was dependent on the achievement of better Big Power relationships. After the breakdown of the London Conference and the beginning of cold war between West and East, the collapse of the National Front coalition in Prague became inevitable.

When the twelve Ministers of the Right-wing parties—National Socialist, Catholic and Slovak Democrat—decided last Friday to resign from the Government, their action was the culmination of mounting frictions within the Cabinet, which had begun months ago with Right-wing opposition to the "millionaires' levy" and the policy of the Communist Minister for Agriculture. The issue on which they resigned was the refusal of the Communist Minister of the Interior to accept a majority decision in the Cabinet that he should stop packing the Security Police with Communists. With an election pending, this issue was vital; and, since the chairmanship of the Social Democrat party had passed from Dr. Fierlinger, who had stood consistently for co-operation with the Communists, to Dr. Lausman, who represented a Right-of-Centre Socialist view, they probably hoped that the Social Democrat Ministers would also resign. In that event, they presumably calculated, a "Third Force" government could be formed, leaving the Communists isolated in opposition.

As matters turned out, these hopes were disappointed. The reaction to the resignations on the part of the Communist Prime Minister, Mr. Gottwald, and his supporters, was prompt. While a mass meeting of delegates from works councils, held in Prague last week-end, was demanding further sweeping measures of nationalisation, and the defence of the Kosice Programme against reaction and foreign-inspired "conspiracies," Councils of Action were rapidly being set up under working-class leadership throughout the country. Meanwhile, the Social Democrats were in travail. Their Ministers had not resigned, but throughout last week-end the Executive Committee of the party was threatening to expel any members who took part in the Councils of Action, and it still seemed questionable whether the party would be prepared to participate in a Cabinet reconstituted under Mr. Gottwald with the other parties of the National Front substantially excluded from the key Departments.

On Tuesday, however, it became clear that the Left wing of the Social Democrats, headed by

Dr. Fierlinger and Eugen Erban, the general secretary of U.R.O. (the Czech T.U.C.), had reasserted its influence in favour of collaboration with the Communists; indeed, so many influential Social Democrats were taking part in the Councils of Action that Dr. Lausman's hand appears to have been forced. Had the Social Democrats not accepted the Communist line, the party would have been split from top to bottom.

In these circumstances, President Benes was placed in a situation of acute difficulty. His long delay in agreeing to accept the resignations of the Right-wing Ministers means presumably that he hoped against hope that, at any rate until the general elections, a National Front coalition, preserving to some extent the previous balance of parties, could be re-formed. But the Communists and the Left-wing Socialists were not prepared to accept, even temporarily, a compromise solution on these lines. On Wednesday, President Benes bowed to the inevitable and accepted the Ministers' resignations. The new Cabinet, based predominantly on Communist-Socialist alliance, which has been formed will seek Parliamentary endorsement for its programme. The President has thus preserved the semblance of a constitutional solution. But effective power now rests with the Communists; and the probability is that elections will be held with the Opposition gaoled or muzzled. In that event, Czechoslovakia, by a *coup d'état* in the modern style, will have been assimilated to the other Eastern European States.

The Trade Balance and the Bread Ration

On last year's trade figures Great Britain exported to the countries of the sterling area rather more than it imported from them—£572 million as against £569 million. With non-sterling areas outside the hard currency group there was a trade deficit of £59 million; and with the hard currency countries the deficit was no less than £594 million. More than half our imports of food and tobacco came from the hard currency areas, and so did about two-fifths of our imports of raw materials and nearly half our imports of manufactured or mainly manufactured goods. As against this, only about one-fifth of our exports went to the hard currency group, though it supplied not far short of half our total imports. Bilateral bargains made during the latter part of 1947 or since will have done something to alter this pattern; but they cannot yet have done very much. The proportions can indeed be greatly changed only over a longish period; for the soft currency countries are not in a position to meet more than a fraction of our needs, and the hard currency countries mostly show no great disposition to increase their intake of such exports as we can most easily supply. All this has, of course, a close bearing, not only on the Marshall Plan, but also on the negotiations now in progress with the Canadians—negotiations on which our future supply of breadstuffs unavoidably depends. Canada badly wants dollars, and wants them more because the Canadian consumer is accustomed to use American rather than British products, and cannot easily be made to change in view of the close integration between Canadian and United States industry. This very integration is, however, a reason for hoping that the Americans, in order to save their market in Canada, may be prepared to find a way of releasing dollars for Canadian use.

The Communists and the Trade Unions

At the Communist Party's Conference last week-end Mr. Pollitt repudiated as "slanderous" the allegation that the Communists were interested in impeding production, but went on to assert that "if the general policy of the Government was wrong, then to place emphasis on production as the main line of solution was also wrong." The Party put itself into outright opposition to the Trades Union Congress General Council's attitude towards the Government's White Paper, and repeated its demand for a new Left-wing Labour Government to replace the existing holders of power. All the speakers expressed the determination to fight for wage increases; and Mr. Pollitt went so far as to warn the workers against passive acceptance of adverse decisions of arbitration tribunals, on the ground that the Government was clearly relying on such bodies to reject legitimate Trade Union claims. What this presumably means is that the Communists, though they will not oppose the production drive, cherish the hope of putting themselves at the head of a mass movement of discontent. The danger that they will be able to do this is real, and can be countered only if the Government does succeed in making clear its determination that the main burden of present economic difficulties shall not be placed on working-class shoulders while the profit-makers are allowed to get away with only minor adjustments. How serious the danger is can be seen from what is happening in France where the Communist-led C.G.T. has now embarked on a fresh series of wage demands, arguing that the Government's recent measures have failed to bring prices under control, and that the speculators are still making hay while the working-class standard of living continues to fall.

Co-operation and the Consumers

One big factor in the situation will undoubtedly be the attitude taken by the co-operative movement towards the Government's price-reduction policy. The National Co-operative Authority, the co-ordinating body which represents all sections of the movement, has been meeting this week in order to decide what action to take. Clearly, the right action for the co-operative societies, both wholesale and retail, is to cut prices to the greatest practicable extent, even if this means a temporary fall in the rate of dividend on purchases. It may be objected that, as co-operative dividends are quite largely saved, the effect of such a policy will be to cause more spending; but this consideration is much more than balanced by the influence which co-operative price-cutting can exert on the price policy of other business firms, which will be in many instances unable to stand out if the co-operatives make up their minds to undersell them. Ordinarily, the policy of the co-operatives is to charge market prices and return the surplus as dividend to their members; but the times are not ordinary, and for the present co-operative price-cutting can be a valuable factor in backing up the Government's price programme. Of course, we are not suggesting that price-cutting alone can suffice to exorcise Trade Union suspicions of the new wage policy. A direct attack on excessive profits is also indispensable, but the co-operatives, if they were to do nothing, or next to nothing, would be acting in a way most damaging to the Government's policy, and would be playing into the hands of all the forces—on Right and Left alike—that are standing ready to compass its defeat.

Re-deployment of Man-power

The statistics issued by the Ministry of Labour relating to the working population and its distribution last December show that relatively little has yet been done to re-deploy man-power in conformity with the imperative needs of the economic crisis. When the numbers in the Armed Forces, on demobilisation leave and unemployed at the end of 1947 are compared with those at the end of 1946, it will be seen that the number of pairs of hands potentially available for essential jobs rose in the twelve months by 602,000. The numbers, however, engaged in manufacturing industries and in "basic" occupations, such as agriculture, mining and transport, increased only by 344,000 from 10,536,000 to 10,880,000. The reason for the discrepancy is to be found chiefly in an increase of 178,000 (to 4,471,000) in the numbers employed in distribution, catering, entertainment and miscellaneous services.

PARLIAMENT : Persistence

Wednesday

FOR the tenth time, no! said the Government. The Tories wanted permission for Mr. Anthony Brooke to return to Sarawak; the Colonial Office thought that Sarawak could do without its Pretender. When the debate on Local Government ended abruptly at 9.35, Teeling, who had given notice of his intention to raise the matter on the adjournment, wasn't in his place.

York stood in for him, till Maxwell-Fyfe hurried to the prosecution. He charged the Colonial Office with denying Mr. Brooke the elementary right of defending his character in Sarawak. Against this indictment, well-supported by the Tories who seemed ready to deal with the case in relays till Teeling arrived, the thin Government benches looked frail and helpless. Then up rose West, the rarely heard Member for Pontypool. No sooner had he begun his well-poised reply than a tremor of interest passed through the House—as when Natasha appeared at her first Ball.

West made a most impressive case for the Government, and for emphasis, made it approximately three times. Meanwhile, Teeling arrived to play a duet in chagrin with Hugh Delargy as the adjournment half-hour ebbed away. When at last he got a few words in, he said that West was "Put up, obviously on a ludicrous brief."

Rees-Williams, for the Government, disposed of Teeling with one punch. Teeling had referred to Sarawak as one of the biggest private estates in the world. Rees-Williams pointed out that the time had gone when half-a-million people could be regarded as anybody's private estate. To a final interruption by Teeling as to whether it would not be better to let Mr. Brooke go back and organise forces to prevent disorder, Rees-Williams advanced the proposition in logic that "we cannot prove a negative."

At Question Time he again showed his competence when, by his direct and unadorned replies on the subject of Palestine, he satisfied a House which was both indignant and anxious.

In Parliament, foreign countries tend to have a vogue in debate; then gradually disappear from the Order Paper. So it was with Greece and Indonesia; so it may be with Palestine. Nowadays the fashionable country is the Argentine. The most diverse subjects—food, the Falkland Islands and the repatriation of Poles—have all led back to the Argentine. On Monday afternoon, the Prime Minister sternly reasserted Britain's refusal to be pushed out of her territories by the Argentine or anyone else. In the evening, John Strachey defended the Argentine food and feeding-stuffs agreement.

The matter arose on the Supplementary Estimates, when the expenses of Ministers are raked with criticism and enquiry by the Opposition front bench and by conscientious private members on both sides of the House. Unmoved by J. S. C. Reid's detailed attack, Strachey, justifiably confident that public opinion would support the agreement, strode through his argument with scarcely a glance at Sir Gifford Fox, snapping at his heels. Of the back-benchers, Charles Smith made a striking speech on food subsidies; and Crosthwaite-Eyre made some worrying observations on the Agreement's financial terms.

Some Members who weren't sure whether they were pleased or displeased with the Argentine were favourably decided by Hector McNeil's answer to Tom Driberg's question on the repatriation of disabled Polish soldiers to their families in the Argentine. The question—first asked by Driberg in May last year, then after an unsatisfactory reply, raised on the adjournment a fortnight ago—demonstrated the tenacity of one of the best Parliamentarians in the House. The reply, confirming that, after Government representations, the Argentine had agreed to admit the men, showed McNeil's open-mindedness in a case presented to him by one whose views on foreign policy do not in all respects agree with his.

The House contrasted this settlement with the affair of the Soviet wives, and applauded the happy outcome. The scene ended with a tableau; Driberg and McNeil bowing to each other from the waist, the whole entitled, "Sweetness meets Light."

MAURICE EDELMAN

OUR LARGEST INDUSTRY

In minor respects this year's Defence White Paper represents a victory for the Socialist critics of the Government's military policy. Details of non-uniformed personnel and heads of expenditure are set out, for once, in a manner more likely to give information than to conceal the true facts. There are signs, too, in the over-all figures that the constant pressure exerted by the Labour back-benches has had some slight effect in reducing both expenditure and man-power below levels which the Government originally intended to maintain. Men under arms will total 940,000 by the end of this March and 716,000 by March next year. The bill is down from some £900 millions for last year to £700 millions for this year. As the main reduction in strength will take place in the Army (534,000 to 345,000) it would perhaps now be unreasonable to expect a faster tempo of release, if the White Paper's underlying assumption is accepted.

But the question that Britain must ask herself in her present straits is whether that basic assumption can be accepted. The authors of the White Paper blandly inform us that we are a Great Power and, as such, are bound to retain all the military burdens that have hitherto been considered to go with such a status. For Britain, as the centre of the Commonwealth, that means a heavier assignment than for most other Powers. The occupation of Germany, the defence of our Mediterranean and Middle East interests, the maintenance of our foothold in the Far East, the protection of our Imperial communications and the security of the United Kingdom—to say nothing of the safeguarding of hypothetical uranium deposits in the Antarctic—are a formidable portion for a country struggling to avoid a headlong dive into total economic collapse. Nor does the task absorb only enlisted men. Apart from having to provide Armed Forces still over double the pre-war size, our strained resources are also called upon to surrender, to the supply needs of the military machine, nearly 600,000 civilians, many of whom might otherwise be engaged on useful production for the home and export trade.

Yet, with this great concourse of men at the disposal of the Chiefs of Staff, it is believed that the effective fighting force immediately available to the Army consists of two Infantry Divisions, one Armoured Brigade, one Parachute Brigade, and one Armoured Regiment. The R.A.F. is cutting down its fighter squadrons and concentrating on that singularly wasteful war weapon, the strategic bomber. The state of the Navy is well known. If this ill-assorted collection of units is meant to frighten Stalin, it is probable that he would be more alarmed by the news that England's defence was in the future to be entrusted to contingents of the Housewives' League. If it is intended as a comfort to the Americans, it is laughable.

The Government's approach to this problem has clearly been conditioned by the overwhelming desire, forced on them by economic stringency, to compromise; and compromises in military matters are the prelude to disaster. The Forces are not large enough, and certainly not sufficiently well organised, to be adequate to deter any Power inclined to undertake even small-scale operations in those areas in which the Government conceives us to have commitments. They are more likely to serve as a dangerous irritant and temptation. On the other hand, the Forces are too large for mere policing duties. The outstanding feature of the White Paper is its failure to grapple realistically with the situation which faces us to-day. Mr. Bevin apparently still sees himself in the role of a latter-day Joseph Chamberlain, disposing of the power of a vast and wealthy Empire. Even the target, ostensibly within its own control, that the Ministry of Defence has set itself, is incapable of fulfilment. There will be 100,000 conscripts in the Army by the end of 1949. That implies a Regular Army of 240,000. At present the figure is in the region of 145,000. No one can believe that, without added inducements in pay and accommodation, or considerable unemployment, another 100,000 regulars can be recruited in the next eighteen months.

This hesitancy to accept facts, this reluctance to part with old ways of thinking, has caused the Government to break two rules which are essential to the planning of any military force. One is to ensure that the "tail" does not become too long in relation to the "teeth" and so restrict their biting power. The other is to make certain that the industrial potential of the country is always capable of bearing the burden imposed on it. In their compliance with the former principle the British have always been defective. During the last War Germany had roughly five million men in her army and approximately 250 divisions. We had three million men and 30 divisions. By German standards our army could even now furnish some fifteen divisions instead of the present pitiful "striking force." The army, in particular, requires a drastic overhaul in organization to prevent the mammoth waste of men and materials caused by the retention of out-dated chains of command, and an unwillingness vigorously to prune overheads that German generals would never have tolerated. But what would be the use of fifteen divisions? None whatever. The position of the Commonwealth to-day demands a cessation of the absurd bluff we have been conducting. In the Far East a mere token force to deal with local troubles must suffice. If more is needed to protect the life-line to Australia and New Zealand, it must be provided by those Dominions. The Middle East and the Mediterranean call for a sharp realignment of our dispositions. Our strategy must be founded on British-controlled territories in Africa. Bases in Cyrenaica, the Sudan and Kenya are practicable, and would not involve us in future prestige-losing withdrawals in the face of Russian infiltration. There is still time to withdraw voluntarily from such exposed outposts as Greece and the Suez Canal and concentrate afresh our Forces in that theatre, according to a sound strategy. It would then be possible to observe the maxim that it is better to advance, or to stand still and threaten to advance, than to retreat.

Germany is a case for a minimum garrison and use as a training ground. The hope that a Russian advance through it could be stayed by British troops is ludicrous. If we are thrown back on the emergency defence of the United Kingdom against enemy landings by sea or air, reserves will be amply available in the new Territorial Army based on the National Service Act to do anything this country will be capable of in its own defence in another major war. As for strategic bombers, described by the Air Ministry as our best defence, those are weapons more suited to countries prepared to employ atom bombs and not to those which would be inevitably the worst victims of them.

How much man-power and finance such a reorientation would demand cannot be definitely stated. Undoubtedly it would be far less than the Defence White Paper budgets for and nearer to the amount that can be safely supported by us during the next five years of economic struggle for existence. At the moment we possess a force that is doing much to cripple our economy and make nonsense, by reason of its top-heavy structure, of the proposition that our industrial potential could maintain an expanded version of it in war, even if there were any useful purpose to be served by doing so. For a Labour Government to accept the Defence White Paper as the basis for its strategic planning is to follow blindly Mr. Churchill in his grandiose conceptions of the power of a Britain which no longer exists; it is to condemn the country to a load which may well exhaust its strength long before it reaches the "recovery corner" to which Mr. Morrison looks forward.

PEASANT DEMOCRACY

The planners of Eastern Europe are getting their second wind. In most of these countries the process of throwing off and throwing out political hangovers from the past such as Maniu, Nagy and Dragoljub Jovanović, who constituted the official opposition between the wars, took little or no part in resistance, and were at odds with the regimes which emerged in 1945, left the Communist parties and their friends triumphant but a trifle breathless. With the abdication of Michael in Roumania, the process is nearly at an end. The planners are entering on the second lap of their race for Socialism; and it seems from all the evidence that this time their pace will be slower and the lap a good deal longer.

For countries which are accused by many "experts" on Eastern Europe of being run by police terrorism, the "people's democracies" publish what might seem a dangerously large volume of literature. Few critics in the West, it is true, bother to study these publications; very few, indeed, know any Balkan languages or history—an ignorance which may go some way to explain, but does not excuse, frantic misrepresentations which appear in the British press. The fact remains that the Governments of Belgrade, Sofia and elsewhere in Eastern Europe allow and even initiate much revealing discussion on means and ends.

It is often surprisingly hard to get people to do the things that are good for them; and nowhere is it harder than in primitive countries of peasant culture, where the laws of magic and enchantment are still alive in the minds of the old and scarcely exorcised from the minds of the young. Passive coercion, in the sense of preventing people from taking bribes by removing the conditions which gave rise to the giving of bribes, will help. Active coercion is debarred even if these new regimes were disposed to adopt it—which, in spite of the "experts," they are not—if only because active coercion would be ineffectual. There remains the method of education.

The problem of education is the greatest problem of all. How would one persuade an elderly Macedonian, for example, that he ought to put the good of the community before his own? It is hard enough to persuade him that the community is more than the congregation of his own village, or the membership of his own household. As things were going before the war of liberation (and the qualification is a real one in Macedonia, the Cinderella province of old Jugoslavia), with Schacht and Funk in successful conquest of new colonies in Europe, and above all in the Balkans, with corruption the rule of government in Belgrade and other capitals of the South-east, the task of persuasion must have taken centuries.

In Jugoslavia, where the labour of popular education for self-government has already gone far, much of the miracle of change was accomplished by the accident of war. In resisting the invaders of his country, the elderly Macedonian was drawn into a new sense of community with his fellow-men; and this time, thanks to enlightened leadership, it was more than the mere reforging of tribal bonds that war had usually meant in the past. What was possible in the heat of battle would, of course, prove many times more difficult once peace was restored and people could begin to think again in terms of purely personal interest. Hence the campaign to abolish illiteracy, and the stubborn generosity with which the Government ensures that more and more books shall become available. Yet books would not be enough. Most people in Eastern Europe are peasants. What manner of educational incentive could be offered them to work together for a Socialist end?

Edward Kardelj, one of the best brains now at work in Jugoslavia and a leading member of the Government, has just published, in the Jugoslav quarterly journal, *Komunist*, a long analysis of peasant conditions. It is one of the most instructive and revealing documents, both of things as they are and things as the Communists in Jugoslavia would like them to be, that has appeared since the war. Through its criticism of present insufficiency and its delineation of future aim there emerges a picture of rural Jugoslavia as it really is, with all the handicaps and disadvantages of a backward peasantry, however fired with new hope and initiative, that remains fearful of change and suspicious of authority. Only by a long process of education, Kardelj argues, can the mass of the small and middle peasantry be drawn into a systematic and collective effort at improving the conditions of life in their country. Much of what he says has a direct application to the other countries of Middle Europe. In Bulgaria, for instance, Dimitrov has said lately that "co-operatives should play the same role in the economic life of the country as the People's Front in its political life."

Kardelj defines a number of educative means. In any case, he says, the few big farms that are now being run by the State ought to serve as shining examples of collective efficiency. He adds that not all of them do that yet. Of first-class importance, he insists, will be the development of co-operative organisation in all branches of rural life, and especially of the "peasant working co-operative." This is a new type of co-operative, distinct from marketing and purchasing co-operatives in that peasants who accept it work their own land on a community basis.

The Government has given these "working co-ops." a special blessing. By the end of 1947 there were about 780 peasant "working co-ops.," consisting of 35,000 families farming together about 400,000 acres. Many of these had come into existence spontaneously at the end of the war wherever losses in labour and live stock had induced families to pool their resources, or where, as in parts of the Voivodina, settlers brought in from the waste lands of Bosnia had preferred to work their new land in common rather than as separate holdings. In much the same way artisan "working co-ops." increased by nearly 50 per cent. in 1947 to a total of 296. Co-operatives now affect in one way or another about three-quarters of the population of Jugoslavia.

Kardelj lays much stress on the point that the development of modernised agriculture cannot be expected to be an automatic accompaniment of the industrialisation in which the Jugoslavs are now engaged. In Western Europe the phase of industrialisation has usually meant the ruin of the peasantry; hence the drive for colonies. To-day, through Socialist planning, the industrialisation of Eastern Europe can and must be made to go hand in hand with the modernisation of agriculture.

This process of modernisation, he says, cannot be carried out simply by the apparatus of coercive bureaucracy—decrees, proclamations, arbitrary decisions by the central authority—but needs the sympathy, understanding, and hard work of the peasants themselves. To attempt to impose new forms of economic organisation upon the peasants would be to play into the hands of all who still live in the past, and would in any case fail. There are people in the villages, he warns, who still believe in the capitalist system; and these will oppose change in every way they can.

It should be noted that these warnings are not addressed to a casual public audience upon whom they are designed to create an impression of Communist benevolence. Far from that, they are addressed to the Communist rank-and-file, for whom they represent strict instructions. They are a plan of operations and intended to be taken literally. No doubt local enthusiasts may have grown impatient with the slowness of peasants to appreciate the opportunities of development offered by the liberation. Others may have wanted to force the pace, or move at once to collectivisation on the Soviet model. They are told plainly that they are off the track. The co-operative form of organisation, Kardelj goes on, is to be favoured precisely because it enables progress towards Socialism by paths that will be understood and approved by the peasants.

Since the development of co-operatives will have to be through the deliberate and willing work of the peasants themselves, Kardelj points out that it will not do for the authorities merely to press on with the formation of "working co-operatives," although these may in fact constitute the most progressive form. Such co-ops. exist at present only where the peasants are outstandingly progressive. It would be a "sectarian" mistake calculated to isolate the people's authorities from most of the peasants merely to promote this kind of co-op. Thus there will have to be a conscious effort to develop co-ops. along rational and efficient lines that the peasants want and understand, never allowing the co-operative movement to degenerate into a rigid bureaucratic framework. The grain-collecting system is mentioned as leaving a good deal to be desired: the co-ops. should play a big part in setting this right.

But "the most important thing is that all this should be carried out with the will and common effort of the peasants. If it is true for the mass of the workers that they must work out social changes in their own personal experience, it is ten times as true for the peasants." It is a question of teaching the value of association.

BURMA—FREE AND SOCIALIST

Proud are the people who first secured a one-rupee note of the Government of Burma. Previously all banknotes were those of the Government of India, surcharged "negotiable only in Burma." The peacock on one side and a beautifully designed Burmese boat on the other now take the place of the King's head. I watched the opening ceremony of the Union Bank of Burma. The directors took the oath of fidelity and secrecy, just as the President, the Prime Minister, Members of Parliament, and judges took a month ago, in ceremonies dignified and impressive in themselves and symbolic of Burma's freedom. Political independence has been won; economic independence involves intricate and unprecedented problems. But the essential point is that the Government is determined to move to a Socialist economy, and a State-owned central bank is part of the process. The budget position is strong; and, with bumper harvests and the general settling down of the people, the Government can afford to be optimistic.

During these first months of Burma's independence I have travelled round the countryside. Everywhere there are signs of a constructive nationalism, a new pride and self-reliance, the release of creative energies devoted to the building of the new Burma. The Socialist Government of Burma is showing great wisdom in tackling the fundamental problems first—particularly the basic issues of land reform and the control of the country's large resources. About 70 per cent. of the people earn their living solely by cultivation and, in 1940, two-thirds of the tilled acreage were paddy (rice) fields. At that time 50 per cent. of the land was owned by absentee landlords, of whom half were Chettyars (Indian moneylenders). The rest of the land was in the name of cultivators who were predominantly Burmese. Many of them were in debt to Chettyars; in fact, at the time of the Japanese occupation, Burmese cultivators in Lower Burma owed at least 500 million rupees. Since the end of the war many of them have taken matters in their own hands and have refused to pay any rent or any taxes or interest on their debts. The Government has now declared that, in general, neither capital nor interest need be paid till 1951-2. This five-year moratorium will help the Burmese cultivators by regularising the position, and in five years' time the problem of debts should be solved.

The complexities of land nationalisation apply particularly to Lower Burma. In Upper Burma, where crops are more varied—sesame, beans, cotton and millet—the land is already divided into smaller holdings. Most of the landowners are cultivators and smallholdings have remained in the same family for generations. Tenancies are variants of arrangement between landlord and tenant as to the distribution of cultivation expenses, labour and produce. The legislation announced by the Ministry of Agriculture will therefore mainly apply to Lower Burma. The Government has taken power to allocate to cultivators all land now worked by tenants and all land now worked by owner-cultivators in excess of 50 acres per household. Land belonging to religious orders and land already controlled by the Government are excluded.

There may be opposition to this legislation, and there have been rumours in Rangoon that disgruntled landlords might give Ba Maw support if he revives his party. But his potential following is small, whilst the well-organised Peasants' Union is solidly behind the Government. The Union is already busy on schemes of educational work among the peasants; their slogan is not only "land for the peasant," but better crops, more animals and improved marketing.

The Ministry of Agriculture has also tackled the thorny problem of the teak forests. Teak is the third in importance of Burma's exports, and about 100 million rupees have been invested in the industry, mainly by British firms. Most of the forests are worked on the lease system, and many of the leases are long-term. The Government has informed the timber companies operating in Central Burma that, in accordance with the Constitution, it has decided to nationalise teak extraction. From June 1, 1948, it will extract through its own agency approximately one-third of the teak in the reserved forests of the Burma Union. The more accessible areas in Central Burma are being taken over first, and the lessees are invited to discuss the details of the impending transfer, including staffs and capital assets.

The question of oil production is still under discussion. In 1941 about 75 per cent. of oil production and 85 per cent. of refining was in the hands of one company—the Burma Oil Company; the only other important enterprise was the Indo-Burma Petroleum Company, connected with Steel Brothers, the chief British trading firm in Burma. Apart from the problem of foreign control, there is the difficulty caused by the demolition of Burma's oil wells in the spring of 1942. I travelled through miles and miles of derelict oil wells—"British pagodas," a Burmese friend called them. Re-drilling and re-conditioning have only just started in the Chauk district. So far, the Government has made no statement. But there is no question of confiscation; and, given a reasonable attitude on the part of the oil firms, the Burmese Government hopes for friendly co-operation with the ultimate object of nationalisation envisaged in the Constitution.

Such is the picture since the hoisting of the Burmese flag. The Government has an impressive record. Every day there are new signs of it in many directions. There is the Salaries Act, for instance, which makes it compulsory for Ministers to give up their business interests—a wise precaution which convinced people of the Cabinet's personal integrity. Then there was the opening of the Translation Society, when Thakin Nu, the Prime Minister, said that Burmans must seek "the four strengths"—physical strength, the strength of knowledge, the strength of wealth, and the strength of moral conduct. The Society will prepare translations of literary and scientific works, and sell them cheaply to the large network of libraries which the Government intends to build all over the country. Another scheme which is under discussion is a National Theatre in Rangoon, which must be one of the few capital cities in the world without a theatre or museum. And so it goes on. Burma was a semi-colonial country, but now has a Constitution into which Socialism is written. Her success can make a very important contribution to the future of Socialism in South-East Asia.

Rangoon, February. Dorothy Woodman

A LONDON DIARY

Those who discounted the Wallace movement had a severe shock last week. No one expected the American Labour Party candidate to do more than moderately well in the Congressional by-election in a Bronx district where the A.L.P. polled a quarter of the total vote in the last contest. Since then, the A.L.P. has hitched its wagon to the Wallace star and lost its Right Wing, which included the powerful Amalgamated Clothing Workers. But Leo Isacson, the A.L.P. nominee, running on a Wallace platform, romped home with a ten thousand majority over the Democrat and a seventeen thousand lead over the Liberal, Dean Alfange. The Republican, who made the fourth side of the contest, limped along with less than two thousand votes. This, I hear, was a tough fight. Wallace spoke for Isacson and Mrs. Roosevelt for his Democratic opponent. Isacson picked up many votes from the substantial Jewish community for his challenge to Truman's procrastination about Palestine. But he was up against the machine of Edward Flynn, generally considered the best Democratic organisation north of the Mason-Dixon line, which has held every seat in the Bronx for twenty-six years. Flynn, interviewed afterwards, said sorrowfully that his machine had got out the votes, but that they had gone the wrong way. That only happens, as he wrote in his recent book, *You're the Boss,* when the machine gets out of touch with the people and tries to ram unpopular policies and candidates down its throat. Of course, this election doesn't test Wallace strength in the whole country, but it is a bad headache for the Democrats. Anything like that turnout for Wallace in November can deny Truman the vital electoral votes of New York. It's significant that neither the Democrat nor the Liberal won any dividend of votes by denouncing Wallace and the A.L.P. as Communist. I will be interested to see how Wallace is placed in the opinion polls, which, strangely, have been reticent on this point. One poll, not yet published, is said to give Wallace more than ten million votes if he gets on the ballot in the major States. Whatever the wisdom of third-party tactics in America at this time, they clearly can't be dismissed as unimportant, least of all by the Democratic chieftains.

* * *

By the end of last week all the resolutions for this year's Labour Party Conference must have arrived at Transport House. Many of them will, as usual, challenge the Government on points of detail and demand definite action along specific lines. Inevitably the Government spokesmen will turn most of them down, whatever the results of any card votes. Some delegates will feel frustrated and either say the Conference has been "rigged" when their propositions have been defeated, or claim that the Government has lost touch with the Movement when their resolutions are carried and the Government fails to implement them. But I wonder whether the blame for defects in the Conference does not lie more with the delegates and affiliated bodies than with the Conference organisers or the Government. Last year there were 1,200 delegates at Margate. This year there will be more. Short discussions on detail are impossible for so large a body, and any Government which accepted its findings as superior to their own views, formed on a close knowledge of the relevant facts, would be insane. Apart from restricting the number of resolutions, which ran at the rate of 100 a day last year, there is one way in which the Conference could be very much improved. That is by paying less attention to day-to-day and topical matters and giving more time to long-term issues of policy. I wish, for instance, that the Conference would devote some of its week to reconsidering its attitude towards the mechanics of nationalised industries. Nothing has been said on the subject since the Leicester Conference of 1932 decided against control by the workers in favour of public corporations. Surely it is time now to see how that has been working out in practice, and how much further we have to go in giving workers in nationalised industries a more direct share in their management—to say nothing of whether it is a good idea to prevent M.P.s from asking parliamentary questions about them? Again, is the Labour Party prepared meekly to accept the test of success or failure in nationalisation as resting on the private enterprise yardstick of financial profit or loss? Or does it still believe that nationalisation is an instrument of Socialist planning? Another subject neglected by Party Conferences, perhaps because of its lack of dramatic quality, is colonial development. Yet here is a vital theme—and there are many others—on which principles require to be evolved by the Movement for the guidance of its leaders.

* * *

Modesty is an unusual virtue in successful people, and particularly in successful Generals and Field-Marshals. Lord Wavell is an exception. In a lecture delivered before the University of St. Andrews (now published under the title *The Triangle of Forces in Civil Leadership* by the Oxford University Press) he gives it as his opinion that civil leadership is a good deal more difficult than military. He is certainly right. The military leader, as he says, is virtually a dictator; his subordinates have to obey him and his men "to do and die." The qualities necessary for great generalship are not, I think, very high; they consist in an ability to move large numbers of men and machines about in such a way that they will destroy a large number of men and machines. Great generals who have tried their hand at politics or statesmanship have usually shown a remarkable ineptitude for civil leadership. Wellington was a good example, for it was not the fickleness of the London mob, but his own political incompetence which caused his booing in Parliament Square and the breaking of his windows in Apsley House.

* * *

The question of the qualities necessary for civil leadership or statesmanship in a democracy, which is discussed by Lord Wavell, is to-day of the highest importance. He considers that faith, sincerity and courage are the essential qualities, combined with a personality which will impress itself on those whom the leader wishes to lead. And the three great and eternal classes whom he has to "impress" are the aristocrats who to-day are the rich and the powerful; the priests who to-day are the press and the intellectuals; and the people who are always the cannon-fodder of politics, the led. It is noticeable that Lord Wavell says nothing about the intellect of the civil leader or of the content of statesmanship. He is really dealing only with the ability of a civilian in a democracy to induce (or delude) the other civilians to accept him as their leader, their Prime Minister, President, or Fuehrer. From this point of view one of the chief elements of success is to manage to be born at the right time. If Hitler had been born in 1830, I don't believe the world would have ever heard of him. This leads one to the vital question, not discussed by Lord Wavell: what should be the attitude of "the people" in a democracy to those who offer to lead them? An educated democracy would, I believe, require from its political leaders, not merely faith, sincerity, and courage, but also political intelligence and political integrity. In a sense—in which he did not mean it—Plato was right when he said that we want our leaders to be philosophers; but, above all, we need to-day that the led should be intelligent sceptics. And we should educate them accordingly.

* * *

Of the many reforms being suggested for inclusion in the Criminal Justice Bill, comparatively few are likely to be accepted by the Government. They are either outside its declared scope, already provided for in half-forgotten statutes, or are concerned with matters which can be most easily dealt with by the modern method of Ministerial regulation. One suggested reform deserves particular consideration, and it might possibly be effected by regulation, namely, the discontinuance of the heartless practice of allowing babies to be born in prison. It is heartless because no lawful subterfuge about the address on the birth certificate will ever conceal from the child in later years (or from its friends and relatives) that it was born in prison. To most children this must be a source of shame and social misery, and if there are any to whom it is a source of pride they are an added argument against it. There is no adequate reason why a pregnant woman should not be temporarily released from prison to have her baby; in 1913 a special Act was passed to allow for the temporary release of suffragettes who had made themselves ill by hunger-striking in prison—they called it the Cat and Mouse Act because it brought them back to gaol as soon as they were better. The terms of this Act could be applied to the temporary release of expectant mothers. The only reason ever advanced for the present callous procedure is that nurses will not join prison staffs unless they can get midwifery. If the new Bill is not the place for this urgent reform, the Prison Rules should be amended, without delay, to make it possible.

* * *

The Cervantes quadricentenary celebrations have apparently gone to the heads of the Latin Americans. Don Quixote's tilting at windmills is scarcely more ludicrous than the spectacle of the President of Chile haranguing the Antarctic penguins and inaugurating "Bernardo O'Higgins Land," or five Argentine Admirals solemnly installing portraits of President Peron on Deception Island. There have been Presidential jibes at "worn-out imperialisms" and the "Lion with useless claws," and Tedder's warning to the "jackals" that the claws are not entirely useless. All these Antarctic antics and Disney *divertissements* could be dismissed with ridicule if they were not growing symptoms of paranoiac "patriotism" and international anarchy. Britain's offer of Hague Court arbitration has been brushed aside and President Videla has returned to Santiago with a pocketful of what he thinks is uranium. Thirteen nations have now got active designs on the presumptive mineral resources of Antarctica. Nobody really knows what exists there. As Dr. Gabriele Rabel says in Penguin "Science News 6" it makes one think of the woman who joins a queue without knowing what she's queueing for.

* * *

Like the Greeks, the Belgians sometimes "have a word for it." A friend in Brussels tells me that cynics who detect personal ambitions in the Premier's enthusiasm for Sixteen Nation collaboration have christened the Western Bloc "Spaakistan."

Polycritic

THIS ENGLAND

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The policeman is a representative of the law, a representative of the King, and also, in a sense, a representative of God.—Speech reported in *Bucks Advertiser and Aylesbury News.* (K. Jackson.)

Lawrence Petfield (50), landlord of the Buck Hotel, Buckden, Wharfedale, to mark his disapproval of the ban on basic petrol, which is hitting his trade, is growing a beard, which he says he will not take off until the Government are defeated.—*Northern Daily Mail.* (J. H. Wilson.)

Men who travel abroad on Britain's business have a considerable responsibility, and an ambassador to a country where we are trying feverishly to develop our exports of men's clothing has a vital role. From this standpoint, hatless Sir Oliver Franks, our Ambassador-designate to the U.S.A., has much to learn. Consider the shirt, collar and tie, and the last button of the waistcoat.—*Men's Wear.* (Mr. H. Sabel.)

Hurlingham is a national asset. Its loss would be a disaster.—Report of speech in *Evening Standard*. (R. J. H. Church.)

It is time English people showed a natural and legitimate pride of race. When foreigners take English names, surely it is not seemly for them to assume good old English surnames. Let certain names be set apart for their purpose.—Letter in *Evening Standard*. (G. A. Sparks.)

THE MERRY MARXIST

"The most distant Republics, such as Azerbaijan and Uzbekistan approve, and the workers of the Kirov factory are happy to see musicians who had forgotten to write for the people led back to the right path."—*Moscow Radio, Feb. 16.*

All the Russias frisk and frolic,
  Music toes the Party line,
Shebalin is diabolic,
  Shostakovitch must resign,
Prokofiev gives Comrades colic,
  Popov fouls the Muses' shrine,
Works tendentious and pretentious Soviet folk-art undermine.

Moscow's music formalistic
  Hatched in the Conservatoire,
Occidental, inartistic,
  Stinks of the petit-bourgeois,
Decadent and modernistic,
  Palpably unpopular,
To the Muscovite immoral, to the Yakut, caviare.

Russia hails the art directive,
  Praising songs the Uzbek hums,
Azerbaijan's farm collective
  Khachaturian never strums—
Soviet tunes must be effective
  On balalaikas, bones and drums,
Inharmonic noise symphonic the Kazak Comrade's ear benumbs.

Artists of the Revolution,
  Under an aesthetic cloak,
Scheming folk-art's dissolution,
  Native founts of folk-song choke;
Works too hard for execution
  Have betrayed the Tartar folk,
Consecration to the nation inspiration will evoke.

All the Russias hail the Party
  Critics lash a mode effete,
With co-operation hearty
  From the Comrade in the street,
Shunning compositions arty
  (Pandering to the élite)
Shostakovitch and Prokofiev plan a "Merry Marxist" Suite.

SAGITTARIUS

WAR WITHOUT END

A SILENT war is being fought in Great Britain, in the cities, on the roads, and in country villages. Its casualty list for 1947 numbered 4,881 killed and 161,318 injured. Continuing year after year, the annual cost of this war to the community is estimated to be £100,000,000. That road deaths are not headline news is the most stultifying single obstacle operating against reduction of losses. The public is numb, apathetic, almost fatalistic, in its attitude to a problem that should be the intimate concern of every man, woman and child. A study of the Final Report of the Committee on Road Safety published last May, combined with a careful analysis of annual statistics for a number of years, reveals a not unfamiliar state of affairs in which partially effective palliatives are being employed in an attempt to cure a condition requiring at least one major operation.

The problem divides itself into four main sections—(1) the education of all road users; (2) the urgent necessity to reconstruct and re-site roads to meet the needs of modern transport; (3) the question of safety in the design of private cars; and (4) the revision and extension of the tabulation of accidents by the police. Can the public be persuaded to co-operate wholeheartedly with the authorities in an all-out, non-stop safety campaign? The police are doing a spirited and valuable job, but it is work which requires the fullest possible popular support to operate successfully. Safety instruction is given in the majority of schools; and that it is having some effect is proved by the fact that, although 891 children were killed last year, this is a reduction of nearly one hundred on 1946. Injuries, however, to under 15-year-olds remain practically static at the terrible figure of just under 30,000. The Committee recommends that "extensive use should be made of adult and schoolboy patrols," an excellent piece of advice which the L.C.C. has failed to follow. Their plea is said to be difficulty in recruiting labour; but as this work is part-time, it is particularly suitable for women, and it is difficult to believe that parents would not be forthcoming to undertake such work if approached in a sensible way. Indeed, in Fulham, volunteer patrols are already established.

Paradoxically, in the county of Kent, which possesses a remarkably active and vigorous body of traffic police, the accident rate is steadily rising. This is due mainly to the dense, and frequently irresponsible, week-end traffic to the coast. In an analysis of causes of accidents (which numbered altogether 8,417) in this county during 1947, "faults on the part of drivers, including motor cyclists," headed the list and accounted for 3,540 accidents; the next figure showed that "animals in the carriageway, chiefly dogs," were responsible for no fewer than 1,332 accidents. Kentish authorities may welcome the abolition of basic as affording them a breathing space to consolidate their safety campaigns. Certainly, throughout the country, there is room for improvement in the propaganda addressed to road users; for instance, the detailed accident maps maintained by most traffic departments are potent warnings of local danger spots, and the Committee very rightly attaches the highest importance to them. Used as posters they would be far more dramatic than graphs, slogans or grieving widows.

The Report goes on to advise that research should continue on "accident proneness," but fails to give any vigorous or constructive directive, although it has been found that drivers involved in fatal accidents nearly always possess a previous history of earlier mishaps. The suggestion is made that insurance companies might assist in finding an answer to this problem. A better solution would be an enforced medical and psychological examination of all drivers with bad records. Many people do not possess suitable reflexes for them to grapple with split-second decisions. It is clear that the sooner such drivers have their licences removed, the healthier it will be for other road users.

The Committee have, rightly, I think, decided against the registration of bicycles. But they have failed completely to face up to the problem presented by the child cyclist. Last year many children were killed and 6,000 were injured while riding bicycles. Is it out of the question to pass legislation forbidding boys and girls to use public roads until they have passed a proficiency test? Is any child of ten or eleven fitted to grapple with the exigencies of fast motor traffic?

For many years statistics have proved that youth is engaged in killing youth on the roads of this country. In other words, persons involved, usually as drivers, in fatal accidents are overwhelmingly likely to be aged between 20 and 26; and it is also statistically probable that these young drivers will have killed either a child of five or a pedestrian of twenty. Figures for 1947 show that twice as many boys are run over as girls; that the peak hour for casualties to grown ups is between 5 and 6 p.m., and for children just after four in the afternoon; that fatal accidents to children are nearly always caused by their dashing off the pavement, usually from behind a parked vehicle; that accidents are most prevalent on Thursday, and that May is the most perilous month. From this assortment of facts it is possible to draw certain conclusions. "Take more care on your way home from work" is one obvious piece of advice. Another is: "Make sure that your children are getting safety lectures in their school, and form a roster with other parents to meet your children after lessons are over. Ensure that every member of your family attends the Safety Week in your town." But better statistics could form the basis for other conclusions.

Improved methods in the tabulation of accidents are formulated by the Committee. The police are already employing a more detailed report sheet that will produce valuable additional data for future use; but they are short of men, both for office and outdoor work. Meanwhile the problem of safety in the design of motor vehicles is hampered by lack of statistical information. Casualty maps in Scotland Yard demonstrate that in Oxford Street and Kensington High Street an appalling number of casualties result from passengers getting on or off moving buses. Could these accidents be reduced in number if London public transport trams and buses were in the future to be fitted with mechanically operated sliding doors? Such a system works, I am told, satisfactorily in Blackpool.

Aeroplane and shipping design is amply protected from the security angle, but what about private cars? Between the wars manufacturers vied with each other to produce a car that was cheap to buy and to run, possessed maximum seating capacity and a high top speed. In this race, stability only too frequently suffered, and in some cases the result was a car that rolled badly on corners, skidded, and in the hands of a poor driver easily turned turtle. Accident-prone cars are not a figment of the imagination, and the enforcement of a low centre of gravity, coupled with the compulsory fitting of adjustable shock absorbers, would do much to eliminate them. The Committee, however, have tackled this problem with extreme timidity. In fact, apart from a few recommendations dealing with driver's vision and the placing of mirrors, they have been content to display a touching faith in the social good-will of motor manufacturers. More effective results might be achieved if the Ministry of Transport were to publish a yearly graph revealing the number of each make of car upon the roads and the proportionate number involved in accidents. (This would, of course, involve a mileage check of each vehicle at re-registration periods in order to arrive at a figure of accidents per car-mile.)

Cuts in expenditure will mean a high accident rate for years to come. Now that the building of new trunk roads has been suspended, and only urgent repair jobs are to be undertaken, increasing responsibility will rest upon the already understaffed traffic police. Public warning should therefore be given without delay that road surfaces are increasingly treacherous (a glance at the accident maps at Scotland Yard show where this is the recurrent cause of disaster) and priority should be given to emergency precautions. For instance, on main country roads motorists still display a perilous tendency to park their cars on corners and bottlenecks. If coloured posts were erected wherever there is space to park *off* the main fairway, and if it were made an offence to stop *on* a road supplied with these posts, accidents might be curtailed until better segregation of traffic is achieved.

In surveying the latest figures of road casualties and measuring them against the pre-war rate it is essential to avoid complaisancy. Since as many motor vehicles were licensed last year as in 1938, it is tempting to deduce from the fall in the death roll from 6,599 in 1938, to 4,881 in 1947, that the position has substantially improved. It is as well to bear in mind that the post-war mileage of cars is a small fraction of what it was in the thirties and that, therefore, such a deduction is sadly misleading. The silent war is by no means ended, and the science of road safety is still in its infancy.

HELEN GOSSE

NORTH AFRICAN NATIONALISM

NUMBER Ten, Darih Saad, Cairo, has become the North African Nationalists' No 10, Downing Street. Ever since Habib Bourguiba, the Tunisian leader, walked all the way from Tunis to Cairo about two years ago, it has become the headquarters of an energetic team of Tunisians, Algerians and Moroccans, all working for the independence of their respective countries. This is the team that planned the sensational kidnapping of that veteran leader, the Emir Abd el Krim, last May.

For all his 67 years, and his twenty years of exile, the Berber chieftain is still very active, physically and mentally. I spoke with him at the hospital in Alexandria, where he was undergoing medical treatment upon his arrival. Next door, his eleven turbulent children and his eldest wife (he has two) were busy studying their Arabic and English textbooks; so far, they only know French and Tamazirght, their native tongue. The Emir speaks good French, although at the beginning of the conversation he appeared to falter a little. One scented, however, that he was adopting the tactics of Balzac's Monsieur Grandet. "But, Emir," protested the French journalist who had preceded me, "I thought you had promised not to interest yourself in politics?" The Emir's grey eyes lit up with a devilish twinkle. "Then, Monsieur, what are you doing here interviewing me, pray?"

What will the Emir's role be in the future? "This all depends upon circumstances," he says. The Emir is prepared to act as an ambassador for the North African cause, or as a military and strategical leader if need be and all else fails. According to the latest communiqué from 10, Darih Saad, a new Committee has been formed under the presidency of Abd el Krim—the Liberation Committee of the Arab Moghreb, which unites all the nationalist parties of Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco on the basis of the following pact:

> The Moghreb is Arab and Muslim. As an indivisible part of the Arab world, it should participate in the Arab League on an equal footing with other Arab countries. The independence of the Moghreb means independence for: Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco.
>
> No negotiations are possible with France and Spain in the framework of the present régime, or until independence is proclaimed.
>
> The Parties who are members of the Committee can have contacts with the French and Spanish Governments, so long as the Committee is kept informed of the progress of the talks as they proceed.
>
> The independence of one of the three countries does not absolve the Committee from the obligation to work for the liberation of the other two.

In Tunisia, the Neo-Destour, led by Habib Bourguiba, carries on under an active Executive Committee, with a General Secretary, lawyer Salah ben Youssef. Officially, the party is not recognised; but, unofficially, Resident General Mons occasionally calls up Salah for a chat at the Residency. Still, the Destour is not allowed to hold any public meetings or print any newspapers. The recent appointment by the French of a Tunisian Prime Minister, Maître Kaak (directly responsible to the Governor-General—still Jean Mons, under a new title), and five Ministers who will have economic and social, but no political powers, is considered inadequate by the Tunisians. The new Ministry does not appear to have much popular support. All over Tunisia, and scrawled on the very walls of the Dar-el-Bey, under Maître Kaak's nose, are the words: *"A bas le traître—à bas le Ministère Kaak!"*

So it was not surprising, when I spoke with the Prime Minister, that he should be feeling rather pessimistic. I asked whether the fact that he had formed a Ministry implied agreement with the principle of the French Union. He said "No"—adding that the French did not seem very clear themselves as to the exact definition of the term, French Union. In any case, Tunisia—according to the Bardo Treaty of 1881 and the Convention of Marsa in 1883—is a Protectorate, and the people would have to be consulted first. With regard to his relations with the Destour Nationalists, Maître Kaak told me that he believed in a gradual process, and not in immediate independence, as advocated by the Destour.

Later, I visited Destour cells all over the country, and found that they are highly organised, on democratic principles. Members of every class of society are represented there, from intellectuals to shopkeepers and craftsmen. The economic conditions in the country are far from satisfactory, and many French *colons* complained bitterly of the absence of any economic plan for the country and of the lack of interest of their Government in the progress of the country. The drought has affected over a million Bedouins, who are in a miserable plight, emaciated and ragged. The Destour leaders are having difficulty in persuading the people to wait for orders from Cairo before passing from passive to active resistance.

In Algeria, hostility between the Arabs and the French is even more marked. In the villages through which I passed, Arab children muttered under their breath: "Look, she is French; we musn't speak to her!" In Algiers, Arabs to whom I addressed inquiries simply vanished without troubling to reply. So far, Arabic has been considered a "foreign language," and the 1905 Law on the Separation of Church and State in France has never been applied to Algeria, so that there is interference even in religious affairs. The activities of the *Brigade de Securité Territoriale* are hardly commendable. The misery of the population is acute, and their mental misery is even greater.

All these points were discussed in great detail during the Assembly's debate in Paris on the new Algerian Statute, upon which opinion was so divided as to result, finally, in a document which pleases neither the French in Algeria nor the Algerians themselves.

I went to see the Nationalist leader Messali Hadj in his mountain resort at Tlemcen, where Ibn Khaldoun used to lecture in the sixteenth century. The bearded leader of the Parti Populaire Algerien is a fine figure. He has spent years of his life in prison—this goes, of course, for most of the nationalist leaders in North Africa—and, although he claims total independence, he can hardly be said to detest the French. Indeed, it is noteworthy that none of the nationalist leaders are bitter. As a Tunisian said to me: "We North Africans forget past injuries very quickly; we are sentimentalists and are always ready to respond to sympathy."

Morocco, next door, has a Sultan, whom the French are bound to respect according to the terms of the 1912 Protectorate treaty. His activities, however, are closely watched—particularly since his outspoken speech at Tangier early last year. The French Resident-General at the time—Eirik Labonne, a man of liberal tendency—was recalled and replaced by General Alphonse Juin. Recently the Sultan complained of his attitude in an 18-page letter written in Arabic and addressed directly to the President of the French Republic. So far, the exact texts of this letter and the President's reply have not been published, although I understand that the Sultan is quite ready to do so. The Moroccan people greatly respect and admire their Sultan and the members of his family, the friendly young Prince Moulay Hassan and the energetic young Princess Leila Aicha, who appears in public and makes speeches encouraging the women of her country to discard their veils and follow more modern ways.

The Istiqlal Independence party of Morocco (its leader, Si Allal el Fassi, has also been in Cairo since last year) is concentrating on educational problems and opening as many primary schools as possible with private funds. A fine new school is just being completed in the Medina (Arab, walled part of the town) of Rabat, and twenty classes will start in the autumn, with a lecture hall, laboratory and even documentary films, sent by a Swedish firm. The Moroccans, and indeed, most North Africans, complain about the absence of English classes and teachers.

Although news leaks in and out with difficulty between the three countries, one feels that they are more firmly welded together than they have ever been. Should they eventually become independent, they seem to favour the establishment of an economic federation of North Africa. Politically, the three countries are at different stages of development. Yet all three—Morocco, with her Sultan as religious and temporal leader and a few remains of old feudalistic families; Algeria, levelled down to a plebeian Republic; and Tunisia, with a fast-decaying Beylical system and her large crop of middle-class intellectuals—have in common their language, their culture and religion, and their desire for freedom from European control. Which does not mean that they want to, or can, dispense entirely with foreign financial and technical assistance.

NINA EPTON

WHAT THE FILM PUBLIC WANTS

EDUCATIONISTS have learned to ask themselves both "What shall we teach?" and also "What sort of material are we trying to educate?" But in the field of the cinema, which is also an important educative (or miseducative) force, we are inclined to worry more about the kinds of films that are shown than about the mentality of those who pay to see them. An extensive sample survey by questionnaire of audiences recently compiled by the writer for one of the largest independent cinema circuits, attended by some 500,000 people every week, throws a terrifying light on the educational deficiencies of those who queue up outside Britain's 4,000 cinemas.

Was it unreasonable to expect that adult filmgoers would be able to spell the more straightforward Christian names? John was repeatedly spelt Jhon, Katharine appeared as Kathreen, Robert as Roburt and George as Gorge. One man (age group 25-34) wrote "Gerage Sanders," and on the next line "Geroge Forby," thus misspelling the same name two ways consecutively. Surnames were equally baffling (Robert Taler was a common variant), while the more complicated names produced countless variations, some unrecognisable (e.g., Greeter Garboo, Ingrim Bergem, Doref Lormore, Jhirra Holduck and Laural Bascall). Alfred Hitchcock's name—hardly very esoteric—appeared in the following forms: Highcock, Hithcock, Hicthcock, Hithccok, Hitcoct, Hickok and Hellcot. Further weird instances were Graybull, Kamal Merandra, Gary Coper, Tome Trinder and the Three Stugges.

These mis-spellings indicate an extremely poor visual memory. It seems that, although stars' names are presented visually on countless posters and trailers, nevertheless for many people the name remains something purely phonetic. Educationists, who to-day tend to rely increasingly upon visual education aids, could afford to ponder this fact. Can visual memory be trained? If not, perhaps we should sort children into visual and auditory types, and adapt teaching methods accordingly.

Many patrons found it almost impossible to give intelligent expression to their ideas (often sound in themselves), which resulted in much unconscious humour, as in the demand: "Make the programme longer at both ends." Asked to make suggestions for improving cinema entertainment, one woman wrote:—

> My favourite film star for acting is Charles Laughton he can take any part in films a butler a pirate or any other part where as James Mason wouldn't do in a film such as Henry V he can only take one part and the films they are getting better because all old films are coming back.
>
> The most famous star of olden times were Greta Garbo I always thought Marie Dressler also is a fairly old star. Tug Boat Anne was a good film she made I hope to see more films with her in.

More surprising than the low educational level was the marked ignorance many people displayed of films and stars. Asked to name players they had seen in small parts and would like to see in star roles, many named such long-standing stars as Bing Crosby, George Formby, Bette Davis and even Ronald Colman. A few named stars who have long been dead, such as Marie Dressler. Ignorance of directors was still more widespread: no fewer than 41 per cent. of the men and 63 per cent. of the women left the question, "Who is your favourite director?" blank, or wrote "Never look." Oddly, others voted for Douglas Shearer or Cedric Gibbons, the first a sound engineer, the second a scene designer, who have for years appeared on the credit titles of all M-G-M pictures. Others surprisingly promoted into the directorial class Irving Berlin, Natalie Kalmus and John Galsworthy.

This is one side of the picture. Many replies, however, were competent and a few showed real intelligence. This came out particularly in the last question, in which a blank space was provided for comments and suggestions. While 18 per cent could think of nothing whatever, many seized the opportunity with avidity. I formed the impression of tremendous frustration, of the sense of being treated like cattle, of being unconsulted, which bubbled out of these replies. A typical reaction was: "Please excuse this uninvited letter. You may not read it, but it makes me feel a good deal better having written it." (Man 18-24.)

A study of the replies by age, sex and frequency of attendance makes it possible to draw certain inferences of value. To begin with, we know from inquiries by the Social Surveys section of C.O.I. that about one-third of the public goes to the cinema never or almost never. Of those covered by the present study, the young greatly outnumbered the old. More than 30 per cent of the audience was drawn from the age-group 18-24, and another 10 per cent. was under 18. This 18-24 group goes to the cinema more frequently than any other—two in every three go twice a week or more—so that when it comes to the base test of box-office returns their vote carries more weight than that of any other age-group. But even this is not the full story, because if films are chosen to suit the needs of a predominantly adolescent audience, then it is inevitable that such older people as go will contain an abnormally high proportion of persons whose outlook has remained, to say the least of it, adolescent.

Despite this last factor, analysis of replies by ages reveals a distinctly higher standard of taste in the higher as against the lower age-groups. For instance, taking the question, "What kind of full-length film do you like best?" I found that "horror" films, placed fifth out of eleven alternatives by the youngest age-group, were placed bottom by the oldest; conversely, historical films, placed tenth by the adolescents, attained fourth place with the more elderly members of cinema audiences.

It appears, then, that the cinema audience is by no means typical of the country as a whole, and that a more typical audience would also be a maturer and culturally higher audience. It is not wholly true that films are vapid because audiences are vapid. It is much nearer the truth that audiences are vapid because films are vapid. The trouble is that film executives are, of all people, the readiest to misinterpret a survey such as this. Starting with an audience which has been brought together by the appeal of films which are, for the most part, vulgar and adolescent, they find from their survey that audiences like vulgar and adolescent films. From this they conclude that they are justified in showing—and that producers are justified in making—films still more vulgar and adolescent than even they have been in the past.

But it is not so much what existing audiences like as what potential audiences might like: that is the problem.

Gordon Rattray Taylor

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

"Books and Authors" has been taken off the air and replaced by "New Books and Old Books." For an organisation that very considerably and quite inevitably is parasitic on the written word—the adapting for radio of the classics, near-classics and works that never will be classics, from the Dialogues of Plato and the great Victorian novels to *Frenchman's Creek* and the latest escape story, has become a flourishing industry—the B.B.C.'s policy towards new books is lamentable. During the past six months the only attempt it has made to give any indication of what has recently appeared has been in the Light Programme. "Books and Authors" often packed far more books into its half-hour than could be adequately dealt with, but at least the attempt was made. In the Home Service the only mention of new books is for nine minutes in "The Critics" programme, which contains far more chat than criticism. The Third Programme, where you would expect to find some serious discussion of new work—and not only of political and sociological books but also of the best recent novels and verse—considers it has done its duty by allotting twenty minutes a week to what is new. In other words, the B.B.C. does us less proud in this respect than even the most popular of the national newspapers, despite the paper shortage. In a curious way, the B.B.C. has always admitted this: *The Listener* exists for the publication of the more interesting talks, but not the least valuable of its pages are those devoted to book reviews specially written for it and not broadcast. What is needed is at least an additional hour a week spread over the three Services—that, and a much more adventurous attitude towards new books on the part of the Regions. Is it, for instance, true that no one from the huge area covered by Midland has written a novel or a volume of verse since George Eliot? If it is not, shouldn't Midland listeners be told of these works as they appear?

The most interesting radio work of the week was the German feature "The Twenty-Ninth of January," excellently translated by Mr. A. L. Lloyd and very well produced by Mr. Laurence Gilliam and Mr. Leonard Cottrell. The radio equivalent of such films as "Berlin" and the early Russian "The Man with the Movie-Camera," it was an attempt to capture the essence of the life of a community during a single day. Wholly objective in presentation, this sound-picture of a defeated and demoralised nation was poignant in the extreme; it perfectly succeeded in evoking images of hunger, stillness—"In the towns it is so quiet you can hear all the clocks ticking"—freezing cold and the numb gestures of despair. I do not remember ever having heard sound so movingly used: the train noises, for instance, were not "effects" but a grim *poésie de départs*. Now one wants to hear other samples of what is being done abroad in radio features. Is nothing of interest being broadcast in America? What has happened to the Columbia "Workshop"? Do the Russians broadcast features? One hopes that with "The Twenty-Ninth of January" the Third Programme has set itself a precedent.

Nine years after its first production and publication, the B.B.C. decided it was time we heard the finest poetic play of our age. May we not have to wait so long again before hearing "The Family Reunion," and next time may we have it all. The version given us the other night was shorn of Downing, a most dramatically effective character whose lines give an added perspective to Harry's vision of the Eumenides. The production and acting were adequate, though in the great scene between Amy and Agatha, Miss Gladys Young, as Amy, won in defiance of the dramatist's intentions. But whatever our criticisms of this programme we could not be robbed of Mr. Eliot's beautiful and precise language, the most successful essay in our time to devise a verse-form that can rise without strain from the expression of the casual and colloquial to the heights of poetry.

William Salter

THE MOVIES

"Quai des Brumes," at the Everyman
"Blanche Fury," at the Odeon

Among the host of revivals, ranging from Danny Kaye (not in person) and *Bambi* to *This Happy Breed*, my own choice would be the much-revived *Quai des Brumes* at the Everyman. I wish this charming if unsubstantial piece of atmospherics could be followed next week by *Le Jour se Lève*, which has always seemed to me by far the best-made, if not the best, of Carné's films. It is, indeed, the well-made film *par excellence*, that in which plot, character, revelation, and suspense most thrillingly combine; and its revival would have an added poignancy in the fact that this film was not long ago re-made by Hollywood in a vile version already forgotten. The pleasure, as well as the lesson, of this masterpiece exists now only in memory. (I presume that any outstanding copies can only be shown, if at all, privately.) Its concerted action, its hint of poetry, are a rebuke to all those shaggy best-sellers and chopped classics which pile up tedium from the written word.

The third number of *Sequence*—now established, firmly I hope, as a quarterly—has a long and interesting appraisal of Marcel Carné. Its writer, Mr. Gavin Lambert, stresses the neglected merits of *Hôtel du Nord* and pitches into the glitter and dexterity of Carné's later work. The extraordinary surface brilliance of *Les Enfants du Paradis* and *Les Portes de la Nuit*, he suggests, conceals not merely a restlessness but an emptiness of feeling. Compare the "poetry" of *Le Jour se Lève* with that of *Les Portes de la Nuit*: the first rises out of its subject, the second is imposed on it. For this ambitious failure Mr. Lambert is inclined to blame Carné's reliance on his script-writer, Jacques Prévert. Apt criticism; but it might be pushed, I think, even further. Does not the poetic kernel of the later pieces—the clown and columbine in one, Destiny and the lovers in the other—belong to stage rather than screen? They are, in fact, themes for ballet, which were originally devised by Prévert as such, and their transportation into a realistic setting is a chief cause of our discomfort. What might appear expressive and self-contained in the dance becomes here thinly artificial. All Carné's exuberance of vision is poured out to implement an idea at odds with itself—and the result so dazzles that we almost lose sight of the flaw. But a certain weariness remains from our delight in these brilliant pieces, a sense of having lost one's way and of charmed pretence that all's well. We learn, by the by, from this article the exciting news that Carné—and Prévert with him—is now at work on a film of Kafka's *The Castle*. Its poetic symbolism, at least, will not prove shoddy. *Sequence* costs two shillings at the bookstall, or 2s. 3d. post free, from the publisher at 19 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park, N.W.1.

Blanche Fury is just what one might expect from the title. How sick we are getting of the bold, bad, dramatic heroine, whose name will be either Scarlett O'Hara or Lavinia Nightshade, Ruth Rippum or Abigail de Courcy, and who will knock sparks off Destiny! Miss Blanche Fury (Valerie Hobson) gives us the whole gamut from an assignation on her wedding-night to the tempestuous lover hanged at noon. Of course, starting as governess, she grabs a Palladian mansion. Of course, her heart goes to the stables (Mr. Stewart Granger). Of course, the cousins and uncles she swindles are no better than she. Of course, having come into all she wants, she grows virtuous beyond belief. With husband murdered, lover hanged, and truth prevailing we leave her (thank God) giving birth to a little Fury.

William Whitebait

TRISTAN UND ISOLDE

Isolde und Tristan? Yes, it can't be denied; and yet a great occasion, something on no account to be missed, an unequal performance which we shall remember with pleasure when a more evenly balanced revival, lacking any particular peak of excellence, might be forgotten.

The young, in particular, should try their best to get into Covent Garden for one of the remaining half-dozen repetitions, not only because in present circumstances no one can confidently say when this masterpiece will be better given, but because the present revival contains something already rare and likely, as things are shaping, to become rarer still: a great operatic impersonation in the heroic style. In happier decades connoisseurs could discuss the rival merits of half a dozen leading Isoldes and Brünhildes, but no such debates are to be heard to-day; Mme Kirsten Flagstad reigns alone. If one had to choose a single word to convey the outstanding merit of this Isolde, it would be a sober word, apparently ill-suited to the most romantic of heroines—security. It is the same with vocal as with political security: the less of it we have, the more we feel its value; conceivably it may once have been a dull virtue in the opera house, but not now, not now! The unruffled security of this Isolde is positively exhilarating: no gasps, no yells, no wobbles, but a steady stream of clear and radiant tone, each note hit squarely in the middle with precisely the requisite colour and force, and sustained for just as long as Wagner intended and no longer. Glorious! The paradoxical effect of this easy mastery is that it enables us for long stretches to forget all about the singer and sit back in our seats, as of course we should, without a thought for anything but the incomparable music itself. Though at least 34 years (and some say more) have passed since Mme. Flagstad made her Oslo debut, her voice remains in marvellous condition, with no more than a few flecks here and there on the dazzling expanse of northern snow; as for her poetic grasp of the role, it has become richer and deeper since she first sang it here in 1936. She is still unequal to Frida Leider in those wild flashes of scorn which punctuate the first act; but no one could now think her lacking in warmth, tenderness or pathos, while her diction and musicianship are as exemplary as ever. Of many unforgettably beautiful moments I can mention only one: the soft exclamation on F sharp at the instant of Tristan's death. Again and again the audience felt at one with Tristan. *Ach, Isolde, Isolde, wie schön bist du!*

Whether by bad luck or bad management, Covent Garden missed the chance of securing a worthy partner in Set Svanholm, whose Tristan has been declared by good judges to be the best heard in America since Jean de Reszke; instead we had, in August Seider, a personable and reasonably artistic hero, but one possessed of so little voice that it is to be hoped that he is not really the best Wagner tenor to be found in Germany and Austria. Hans Hotter, on the other hand, has gallons of voice, but his Kurvenal, like his Hans Sachs, is too short-winded and choppy in phrasing to give consistent pleasure; evidently I was wrong in supposing this fault to be the result of his struggles with the English language.

The cast was completed by two English members: Norman Walker delivered Marke's monologue as nobly as its Metastasian sentiments demand, and Constance Shacklock's Brangäne was the best thing we have yet had from this artist. It was a mistake to get her up as a glamorous super-blonde in her teens, the tradition of a dark Brangäne in contrast to the Fair Isolde of legend being obviously preferable; in the climaxes of the first act she often allowed her tone to grow unpleasantly shrill, but in purely lyrical passages, notably in the song of warning from the tower, she contrived to float her phrases effectively through the house.

The orchestra and Dr. Rankl recovered much of the ground they had lost in *Die Meistersinger*. There were some beautiful *pianissimi* from the strings in the last act, though in the more richly scored passages the massed string tone still lacks the proper glow and sheen. The brass did well; the trumpets at the end of Act I and the distant horns in Act II realised with unusual clarity two beautiful passages which often become a blur. The weakest elements are to be found among the wood-wind: the famous cor anglais solo, in particular, was unworthily given. The tempi, never quite so feverish as in the recent *Meistersinger*, were for the most part comfortable; indeed, when Mme Flagstad was singing, they were often positively spacious; perhaps she had been wisely given her head.

Il Trovatore at Sadler's Wells is an enjoyable revival of an old war-horse which obviously belongs to this popular theatre. James Johnston's excellent Manrico contained more than a hint of the genuine early Verdi thrill; Joyce Gartside shows promise, but no one seems to have explained to her that Leonora is a large, heroic part. On the other hand, that normally dependable artist, Valetta Iacopi, seemed determined to make her Azucena larger than possible, at any rate larger than Edith Coates. That these drawbacks could be so often forgotten was largely due to John Moody's eminently sensible production and the loving care lavished by Michael Mudie on the orchestral playing.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR.

THE THEATRE

"Cockpit," at the Playhouse

"Family Portrait," at the Strand Theatre

"Everyman," at the Children's Theatre, Toynbee Hall

Plays written about wars tend to follow the fortunes of single individuals, or to concern themselves with faintly uneasy theorising on the nature of peace. The centre of Bridget Boland's play *Cockpit* (the Mask Theatre's third production) is a grave and difficult theme—the power of belief to destroy and disunite—and yet the protagonists also exist as real people, however lightly sketched. The scene is a theatre in Germany, used as a clearing centre; the time, May, 1945; the characters, D.P.s of every nationality and political creed, with a bewildered, tormented British captain in charge. The play opens in passionate grief and chaos and fierce recrimination by everyone against everyone else. Terror of plague lends this babel one common tongue for a brief interlude of joint effort—the shared fear passes, and once more lively hatred and suspicion of each man for the other returns. No sermon of false optimism is preached, no drum banged. The scene is disorder and the mood exhaustion and perplexity, lit by an occasional burst of uncontrollable emotion—we watch a microcosm of humanity reduced to its lowest common denominator of primitive feeling, each man pitifully alone.

All the theatrical tricks of Pirandello and Wilder, together with some new ones, go to make Michael MacOwan's production and Michael Warre's designing immensely brilliant and exciting. D.P.s flood in from the auditorium, bubonic plague is located in the boxes while the stage becomes for a moment a set for *Traviata*, spots are swung on to the stalls to locate a murderer, throats are slit under the stage, food distributed in the paint-room. The audience is part of the action—and for an occasional ghastly moment, one can believe it is true. The play is at times untidy, naive, often sadly over-theatrical for its realistic style, over-cluttered with characters and with unessential digression—and the British officer is unhappily played with the same quality of feeling as might be displayed by a tired but still jaunty producer coping with a heartbreaking early rehearsal. All the same, it is good to find such an unusually lively, unheroic, undidactic yet deeply compassionate play.

Last year all our actresses seemed to be playing at being mermaids; now the tragic ladies have their turn, and Mary Magdalene is the popular recitation trial-piece. Catherine Lacey was first in the field; now we have Diana Churchill's New Lookish, chic and well-travelled sinner at the Embassy, all tears and sensational histrionics, and Mary Horne's wracked siren at the Strand, her vowels as tormented by emotional fervour as are her long locks. Would the Magdalene have behaved constantly as though she were a first-year dramatic art student speaking of an adored teacher? She is mercifully a minor figure at the Strand, where Fay Compton turns in another of her tremendously capable, occasionally moving

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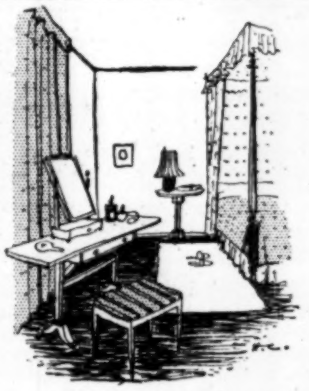

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performances of Mother Love, as Mary in *Family Portrait*. Miss Compton's divinely concealed technique and perfect speech-control are so flawless that one automatically—and perhaps unfairly—suspects lack of deep feeling, let alone of thought. The play is one of those homespun, stateless, timeless, this-might-even-be-you affairs, designed to Bring Home to one the ordinariness of Christ's family, grouped round that one unusual figure. As all the momentous action and dialogue clearly happens in the intervals, one sits through three acts in a state of mixed frustration and boredom. *The Vigil* is at least vulgarly showy—*Family Portrait* is all too discreet and tender with one's feelings. The play contains two neat moments of dramatic impact and many regrettably inevitable quotations.

For the Glyndebourne and Toynbee Children's Theatre John Allen has produced a moving, sincere *Everyman,* and has given serenity, beauty of pace and grouping to that terrible, uncompromising exequy. Donald Eccles' performance as Everyman is especially fine. The children took the dress rehearsal with admirable calm, and considered the gnawing agony of universal mortality with untroubled eyes.

ELYDR AP HUGH

THE TRAIN

There, with a screech stuck in her hair like a feather,
She strikes through signals, sequels, stares and significations
With equal squeal; scattering the stuck tons of thunder
In tunnels, like tins staccato; alliterating
The laddering lights and escalatoring clatter, till
At last she assonants free: the elbowing air
Ushers her on, cushions and repercussions her
In its indulgent hush. And always her weeping past
Wallabies wildly away in smokes and hang-
Overs of gloom, across the long-ago fields that once were mine.
Long-ago? No. The cataract still hangs
In tatters as it did. On the same thong of air
The hawk impends. Still leans the lonely tree
Above the only lake, its ageing shade
Unwrinkled in the shaking glass. And still
The fountain eyelashes a stony stare.
All's as I left it, place and pose and weather
That once was willed for ever. Once again
I look out from the train,
I see the solemn child and wave to it in vain.

W. R. RODGERS

Correspondence

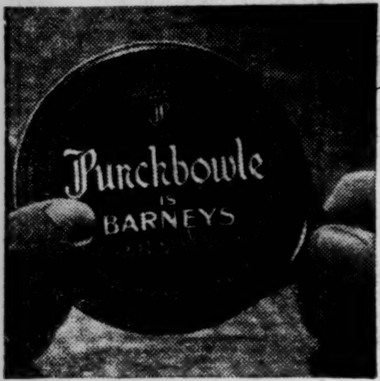
BIRMINGHAM WEAR

SIR,—Mr. Woodrow Wyatt's recent article, with its appreciation of political and social conditions in, and his remarks on, the factors which have influenced the growth of England's second city, has aroused much interest and discussion among those of us who are interested in the problems of urban growth exemplified particularly in the case of Birmingham. His comments on present social conditions will arouse little disagreement, for it is unfortunately only too true that evidence of the quick, haphazard and unplanned growth of the city is to be found on almost every street corner, but Mr. Wyatt is, perhaps, at least a little ingenuous in asking us to believe that such a lack of beauty and orderliness is due solely, or even chiefly, to the existence within the town at its period of most rapid development of a strong severely religious community. There is, however, much to be said in favour of Mr. Wyatt's arguments so long as he appears only in the role of an examiner of political and social trends. As a surveyor of geographical factors, however, one fears that the M.P. for Aston has been completely miscast.

But, says Mr. Wyatt, there is no geography at Birmingham; without a port or a river or a main road the place can have no geographical right to exist, and what is more he has gone to the extent (in these basicless days !) of asking motorists the best routes from London to Birmingham. But are we sure, to begin with, that there is no road ? Had Mr. Wyatt in the further pursuance of his inquiries been fortunate enough to have been able to ask the same question of the merchants and tradesmen of the eastern, central and southern parts of England in the early eighteenth century he would have quickly found a road and, in addition, some good and valid geographic reasons for the prosperity and growth of the Midland Metropolis. Birmingham was, and despite all Mr. Wyatt's assertions to the contrary is, "hard by" a district of apparently unlimited mineral resources. Was there not the Thick Coal of South Staffordshire, as good, more productive than, and as equally accessible as, any coal in the country, with ironstone, water power and other raw materials of industry readily available ? Did not routes and roads from South Staffordshire converge on the narrow streets of Birmingham for the crossing of Deritend Bridge ? (Mr. Wyatt with his knowledge of the Guilds should surely know of the importance attached to the maintenance of Deritend Bridge.) Again, in the reverse direction, roads from Coventry and Warwick and Stratford-on-Avon, from eastern England and the Home Counties, converged on Birmingham before crossing the heaths into the mining and industrial heart of England, a few miles to the north-west.

Could a better site be suggested for the development of a market and centre of exchange, of commercial and financial services, than this town, this route centre, adjacent to the coalfield, with its own industries based on skill, on the manufacture and processing of readily available raw materials, and on the exploitation of existing and developing markets at home and overseas ? One should not, naturally, and no geographer would, ever under-estimate the importance of social, personal and economic considerations in explaining the growth of the town. Undoubtedly it is true that the non-chartered condition of the town was some advantage, and that men of initiative and independent spirit did enter the town in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries seeking relief from religious restraint and industrial frustration; but it should be pointed out that preliminary studies seem to show that a majority of the immigrants entering the thriving town at this period were in no way wanderers from industrial or intellectual persecution in the sense that Mr. Wyatt suggests. It seems that the long antiquated theorisings of William Hutton die very hardy. Again, says Mr. Wyatt, "Nature's only gift was a small ridge of sand peculiarly suited to use in foundries . . . sufficient to support and encourage a minor trade in ironworking." This is damning the geographical with faint praise indeed, and perhaps it is but pernickety to point out that the sands of the Upper Bunter to which he refers were of inestimably more value to the non-ferrous than to the ferrous industries of the town. But what, Mr. Wyatt, of the far larger and, one would imagine, more obvious ridge of sandstone which offered good and dry sites, building material and constant water supplies not only to Birmingham but also to Northfield and Edgbaston, Erdington and Sutton Coldfield? Alas that Aston itself lies off the Lower Keuper sandstone.

Geographical factors, some few of which have been mentioned, have had a considerable, though, of course, by no means a total, or even an overwhelming, influence on the growth of the city. One would not claim more in the case of the city, though in the Black Country the force of the environment is to be seen much more starkly and clearly. One would like, before Mr. Wyatt again writes on the subject of the reasons for Birmingham's existence, to conduct him on a tour of the city and to indicate some of the features and factors which in his occupied visits to the Midlands he must needs have missed. It must at least be hoped that the view of the M.P. for Aston on



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the importance of geography in this somewhat parochial matter is not to be taken as a general index of the value of the subject in the eyes of the Socialist Members generally. M. J. WISE

Department of Geography,
University of Birmingham.

FORCE OUVRIERE

SIR,—Monsieur Bouzanquet, while not disputing the accuracy of my quotation from him as to the largely "white-collar" nature of the recruits to the *Force Ouvrière*, asserts that "manual workers—miners, railwaymen, metal workers, etc.—are mainly responsible for the disintegration of the C.G.T." and that the members of *Force Ouvrière* "come mainly from manual workers of the great working-class federations . . . 70 per cent. of the miners of the Pas-de-Calais are with us." The unwary reader who did not know the facts might imagine, first, that *Force Ouvrière* has succeeded in its avowed object of disintegrating the C.G.T. and, second, that miners are an important part of its membership.

On the former, let me quote Mr. Eden in the Foreign Affairs debate on January 22nd: "Monsieur Jouhaux has had a welcome measure of success and we are all glad of it in the formation of his *Force Ouvrière*; but it unhappily remains true that the C.G.T. itself, which is still powerful, is now completely under the control of the Communist Party."

On the latter, let me quote the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*, February 18th: "Nationwide elections among French miners showed yesterday that 80 per cent. of the pit workers are still backing the Communist-led General Confederation of Labor.

"The elections were to choose workers' delegates under the French social security system, but as each labor union presented its own candidates the elections became a test of strength between rival labor movements.

"This was the first impressive victory the C.G.T. has been able to claim since an anti-Communist faction known as *Force Ouvrière* seceded from the C.G.T. in December.

"The C.G.T. workers have elected 230 of their candidates. *Force Ouvrière* elected only four candidates, and the Christian Workers' Labor Federation (C.F.T.C.) elected none."

The article says that the anti-Communist unions have already conceded the C.G.T. victory and quotes Monsieur Noël Sinot, provisional secretary of the *Force Ouvrière* Miners' Federation, who admitted this fact, consoled himself with a variety of explanations, and claimed that "in a similar election recently among mining foremen in the Pas-de-Calais Department *Force Ouvrière* won 70 per cent. of the votes."

The operative word is "foremen." Probably colliery clerks are meant, certainly not working miners.

The facts I have adduced show, first of all, the failure of the attempts of the *Force Ouvrière* leaders to break up the trade union unity of the French workers, and also show how the Tories of this country (and, of course, the Gaullists in France) are rubbing their hands with joy at the activities of *Force Ouvrière*. Monsieur Bouzanquet is no doubt sincere when he talks about his anti-Gaullism, but overlooks the fact that the activities of himself and his friends are regarded by the General with approval as preparing the ground for the latter's assumption of power.

House of Commons. K. ZILLIACUS

HENRY WALLACE

SIR,—I am afraid that, for English readers, the letter from Hazel Freeland Gibb in your issue of February 14th will serve both to clarify and confuse the American political scene.

Clarity is certainly served by the statement that "many of us" might prefer to have Senator Taft as the next president of the United States. This turns the clock back to 1940, when many present P.C.A. leaders were at one with Senator Taft in opposing aid to those in Europe then fighting Fascism.

Confusion is served by the assertion that it is somehow reprehensible in a political organisation to refuse to admit Communists to membership. Your readers are undoubtedly aware that this is the practice of all Western European political parties, including the Labour Party. Like them, A.D.A. takes the view (surely more logical) that Communists should advance their own programme under their own name.

Incidentally, A.D.A. supported the Marshall proposals from the day of their announcement. Your readers will recall that the offer to help was then made to all Europe, including the Soviet Union. I join with many of the best friends of the Soviet Union in regretting that M. Molotov chose to leave Paris. But I cannot see that his action should cause A.D.A. to withdraw its support from a constructive programme. Whatever place the veto may have in the United Nations, it surely should not extend its effect to the position taken by a purely American political organisation.

Further confusion is introduced by the assertion that American labour "is not very well informed about or interested in the rest of the world." This may well have been true in the days when most Americans were isolationists. It is true no longer. Both during and after the war the C.I.O. and the A.F.L., in their different ways, have been intensely active in international affairs; the C.I.O., in fact, was one of the founders of the W.F.T.U. It cannot therefore be because of lack of information that both organisations support the European Recovery Programme.

I join with Hazel Freeland Gibb in deploring the fear and distrust of the Soviet Union which is widespread in the United States, as it is here; I am sure that she will join me in the profound hope that the leaders of the Soviet Union will see fit to take some steps to dispel that fear and distrust.

13 Queens Grove, DAVID C. WILLIAMS
London, N.W.8.

PALESTINE

SIR,—I wish to challenge the accuracy of the account given you by Mr. K. W. Blackburne, Colonial Office Director of Information Services, on the circumstances connected with the virtual Arab siege of the Old City of Jerusalem.

After having vainly sought information from the War Office and the Colonial Office, I addressed a letter to the Prime Minister on January 8th asking for an explanation as to how it was possible for the Palestine Administration to condone the virtual siege of some 1,200 Jews in the Old City by permitting the maintenance of Arab barricades at the City's gates, and the practice of British personnel identifying themselves to unofficial armed Arab guards. On January 23rd I received from the Prime Minister a reply identical with the long second paragraph of Mr. Blackburne's letter to you. I then cabled to our Correspondent in Palestine and also inquired from a member of the Jewish Agency Executive in London. From both I received replies emphatically challenging the Prime Minister's statement that the Arab check posts and road blocks were set up after December 13th, when the Irgun Zvai Leumi bombed the Damascus Gate of the Old City.

The plain fact is that on December 2nd, Arabs were already drawing up barricades in the neighbourhood of the Gates, and by December 8th the Jews in the Old City had been completely sealed off, and Arabs were preventing the exit and entry of Jews. The action by the Irgun Zvai Leumi represented an attempt to clear the barricades at the Damascus Gate, and the barricade was not the consequence of the Irgun's action.

It is significant that the Colonial Office persists in a story that can easily be disproved, as it is one of plain fact and not of assumption. But even more important than this particular incident is the question it raises as to the source and motive of information supplied to the Prime Minister and by the Colonial Office. It is obvious that if it were admitted by the Colonial Office that the British Army and Police in Palestine had permitted Arab bands to maintain the

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siege of the Old City, the prejudice and discrimination of the Palestine Government would have been laid bare. Only by falsifying the facts can they hope to justify a policy which would otherwise be laid bare as unjustifiable. It is for the Prime Minister to find out why he has been misled, and by whom.

London. A. ABRAHAMS,
Editor, *Jewish Standard.*

CHINESE PROGRESSIVES

SIR,—The excellent articles by Dr. F. A. Jensen on China drew attention to the tensions within the liberal groups and the danger that they might be utilised by interested American circles in an intrigue to "maintain the Chiang regime without Chiang." The latest reports from China happily show that the progressives have now emerged with a more clear cut policy than ever before. The Democratic League's January 21 manifesto rejects Chiang's ban and its old leadership's resolution to dissolve; it stresses that peace, democracy, unity and independence for China can no longer be secured by peaceful means; and it declares that the corrupt Nanking regime, representing the interests of landlords and compradores, must be overthrown, and that its economic basis—agrarian feudal exploitation—must be eliminated by the reform based on "land to the tiller."

The Revolutionary Committee formed in Hong Kong by Left Kuomintang members like Madame Liao Chung-kai, Marshal Li Tsi-shen, Feng Yu-hsiang, Tsai Ting-kai and others has rightly re-affirmed its faith in Sun Yat-Sen's Principles and particularly his policies of co-operation with the Chinese Communist Party and all other democratic groups, of agrarian reform and co-operation with the Soviet Union and all those who treat China on a basis of equality—with special reference to the new Eastern European democracies. Both parties denounce Chiang Kai-shek as an "agent of American imperialism." Both advocate the creation of a coalition, democratic government (including necessarily the Chinese Communist Party) to replace the Chiang dictatorship.

3 Brampton Court, N.W.4. JACK CHEN

FOOD SUBSIDIES

SIR,—With reference to Dr. Dalton's remarks on the food subsidies in your issue of February 14th, surely the main argument against their indefinite retention is that they are necessarily linked with food shortages. Since in normal circumstances the higher income groups buy more meat, eggs, butter and bacon than the poorer sections of the community, it would be hard to justify their retention after food rationing ceases; for it would mean that the subsidy that the person with the long purse would be receiving would be greater than that given to the lower income groups on all subsidised foods, except perhaps bread, potatoes and cheese.

No doubt, when the cost of foodstuffs was first pegged, it was hoped (it would be too much to say that it was assumed) that prices would ultimately return to their pre-war level. Are these hopes discarded? Even if they are not, it is reasonable to suppose that rationing will disappear long before prices fall back to their pre-war level. If both this supposition and the foregoing argument are accepted, then there is a case for the progressive reduction of subsidies. The ideal course would be to estimate the figures around which it is anticipated prices would ultimately settle down, and allow the prices of subsidised foodstuffs gradually to rise to this level.

What is quite clear is that so long as the principal foodstuffs are in short supply and so long as rationing remains with us, so long must prices be "fixed," but not necessarily "pegged." Indeed the policy of pegged prices has already been abandoned. The only question is: "To what level should fixed prices be allowed to rise?" The best answer seems to be "the estimated prices at the time when rationing is removed."

Can our planners cope with that one? And can our trade union leaders convince their followers that it is both reasonable and necessary?

House of Commons. NIALL MACPHERSON

UNEARNED INCOME

SIR,—In most Left Wing discussions of financial problems the tendency is to assume that all who exist on dividends or live on capital are plutocratic parasites.

One of Mr. Dalton's main arguments on the side of a capital levy is that it would reduce "the unearned element in the national income" and discourage (he does say "wealthy") people from living on capital. Others are less discriminatory than Mr. Dalton.

What is expected of a member of society who has to provide for his own future? I started work with a gold stud and a golden sovereign as my capital. I have always been a salaried worker. Every pound I have saved has come out of my earnings. How in God's name am I to live when my earning days are over, unless I can either use up my capital (that is, more simply, what I have laboriously stored up as a bare minimum of modest subsistence) or receive dividends on the savings I have invested?

Why are my savings any more unearned than the pensions of public servants merely because, under a predominantly capitalist system, I have lent them at a modest price to industry and to the State? Or was I wrong to respond to pressing invitations from the Government to buy War Loan and Savings Certificates? If so, can someone tell me what I should have done with my money? Spend it all? But we're told not to spend more than we must. Keep it as a consolation prize for the Chancellor of the Exchequer? Then what?

There may or may not be limits to what a Government may take from a citizen's earnings and capital. But it is futile to pour contempt on those who have to live on them in the form of dividends or investments or of expenditure and capital, unless and until some other ways are made open to them. It has nothing to do with social equalisation to which Mr. Dalton refers. H. R. CUMMINGS

BODY AND SOUL

SIR,—In reading Professor Gilbert Murray's review of Dr. Burns' *The First Europe* in your issue of February 7th, I was surprised to see the statement: "Man was sharply divided into body and soul . . ." apropos of the mediaeval view of the human person.

Whatever Professor Murray's own views on the subject may be, it is a matter of fact that this position has been repudiated by every Catholic theologian from the time of St. Augustine to the present day. The Catholic point of view—and hence the mediaeval Christian point of view—is and always has been exactly the opposite one—namely, that the human person is one; in the jargon of psychology that man is a psycho-somatic unit. The dualist viewpoint, which Professor Murray attributes to mediaeval Christianity, is characteristic not of the Church but of the Manichaean line of heresies—opinions declared by the Christian authority of the time to be profoundly un-Christian.

Elsewhere in his review Professor Murray writes: "The book . . . moves freely in a literature known to few English savants outside the Catholic Church." Evidently. J. W. HARLING

ELEGIAC

SIR,—For Mr. Alan Thomas' prizewinning lines in Sebestian's competition I have received the warm, if puzzled, congratulations of some of my friends. Will you allow me through your columns to salute the other Alan Thomas with (since we are talking of graves) an epitaph which—the occasion suggests—would do for my own tombstone:

Stranger, seek not his merits to explore:
His fame unknown, his deeds in water writ,
His crown (the only one he ever wore)
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

It is in the elegance of his mask, and the adroitness with which he uses it, that a civilised personality reveals the genuineness of what is more fundamental to him: his character. The self-conscious and highly intelligent man (he is often a writer) who sets out, early in life, to construct himself a personality will probably find the labour affect his appearance. In any case his face will remain a give-away to those with sharp eyes; for his features are like a handwriting: however carefully he may compose them, something—the angle of an eyelid, the twitch of a muscle, the set of a lip—will reveal what he is trying to hide.

This happened, conspicuously, to Henry James. By the time his personality was thoroughly "set," the unamenable eye of Edmund Gosse took down all the visual evidence, both for and against.

> I have said that in early life Henry James was not "impressive"; as time went on his appearance became, on the contrary, excessively noticeable and arresting. He removed the beard which had long disguised his face, and so revealed the strong lines of his mouth and chin, which responded to the majesty of the skull. In the breadth and smoothness of the head—Henry James became almost wholly bald early in life—there was at length something sacerdotal. As time went on, he grew less and less Anglo-Saxon in appearance and more Latin. I remember once seeing a Canon preaching in the Cathedral of Toulouse who was the picture of Henry James in his unction, his gravity and his vehemence. Sometimes there could be noted—what Henry would have hated to think existing—a theatrical look which struck the eye, as though he might be some retired *jeune premier* of the Français, *jeune* no longer; and often the prelatical expression faded into a fleeting likeness to one or other celebrated Frenchman of letters (never to any Englishman or American), somewhat of Lacordaire in the intolerable scrutiny of the eyes, somewhat of Sainte-Beuve, too, in all except the mouth, which, though mobile and elastic, gave the impression in rest of being small . . . .

At the same period Jacques-Emile Blanche noticed "l'aspect de moine bon vivant qu'il prenait parfois," and John Bailey remarked that in looking at James's face one had to remember that he considered Shakespeare's "dull." This is a far cry from the Lafarge portrait of 1861, with its naked and poetic charm—though even in that profile it is possible to discern an adumbration of the *abbé mondain* of forty years later, who would have to his credit the saving (on paper) of many a titled soul. The question of Henry James himself is quite as complicated as that of his work; now, thanks to the cool-headed assiduity of Mr. Nowell-Smith, we are given the means of attempting to resolve it. *The Legend of the Master** is an anthology of descriptions, anecdotes, comments and judgments, set down about Henry James by those who knew him personally between the late 1870's and 1916 (the year of his death). The excerpts are ranged in chapters according to subject ("Talk," "Social Occasions," "Of Persons," "The Novelist," etc.), and are neatly interspersed with paragraphs relating such facts of James's life as are necessary to render the comments intelligible. The result is wildly entertaining. Compiled around a "natural" character, such a book as this could have little point: it is the mask that gives rise to the ambiguity, the misconception, and eventually to the legend. In deciding what to include, Mr. Nowell-Smith has been handicapped by nothing except lack of personal acquaintance with his subject: his intelligence, his scholarly suspicion of frivolous or dramatised evidence, his juridical sense of the germane, make him the ideal investigator. I have only one serious criticism to offer: although provided with a full bibliography, the book has been—unthinkably—left without an index, and the table of contents is not very helpful to the reader who wishes to look up a particular contributor.

It is evidence of the goodness of Henry James's nature that by far the most interesting of the annotations come from men and women who personally loved him. Gosse was obviously not among these; but let us hear A. C. Benson on James's talk:

> The extreme and almost tantalising charm of his talk lay not only in his quick transitions, his exquisite touches of humour and irony, the width and force of his sympathy, the range of his intelligence, but in the fact that the whole process of his thought, the qualifications, the resumptions, the interlineations, were laid bare. The beautiful sentences, so finished, so deliberate, shaped themselves audibly upon the air. It was like being present at the actual construction of a little palace of thought, of improvised yet perfect design. The manner was not difficult to imitate: the slow accumulation of detail, the widening sweep, the interjection of grotesque and emphatic images, the studied exaggerations; but what could not be copied was the firmness of the whole conception. He never strayed loosely, as most voluble talkers do, from subject to subject. The motif was precisely enunciated, revised, elongated, improved upon, enriched, but it was always, so to speak, strictly contrapuntal. He dealt with the case and nothing but the case; he completed it, dissected it, rounded it off. It was done with much deliberation and even with both repetition and hesitation. But it was not only irresistibly beautiful, it was by far the richest species of intellectual performance that I have ever been privileged to hear . . . His talk . . . was not exactly conversation; it was more an impassioned soliloquy . . . There was certainly something pontifical about it—not that it was ever solemn or mysterious; but you had the feeling that it was the natural expansiveness of a great mind and a deep emotion, even when his talk played, as it often did, half lambently and half incisively, over the characters and temperaments of friends and acquaintances. It was minute, but never trivial; and there was tremendous force in the background. Like the steam-hammer, it could smite and bang an incandescent mass, but it could also crack a walnut or pat an egg. It was perfectly adjusted, delicately controlled.

Is not that more convincing than Thomas Hardy's brief remark that James had "a ponderously warm manner of saying nothing in infinite sentences"? Probably Hardy was too thoroughly masculine a nature to be a very sympathetic witness in the case: all the evidence goes to show that a feminine streak is necessary to appreciate the flavour either of James himself or of his work. Little as women seem to have liked his later novels, when they first appeared, there is no question that they liked the man who wrote them. "They liked him especially for his sympathetic and delicate discernment of their own nice qualities," remarked E. S. Nadal (on the whole an unfriendly critic of James) in 1920. "He seemed to look at women rather as women look at them. Women look at women as persons; men look at them as women. The quality of sex in women, which is their first and chief attraction to most men, was not their chief attraction to James." This might be thought a back-handed compliment; but, applied to a novelist, it is simply the recognition of a merit.

There is little doubt, I think, that the feminine streak in James himself was partly responsible for some of those features of his literary personality which critics of his work have found disturbing and equivocal: inquisitive detachment, vagueness about practical details, squeamishness, and an over-developed taste for the dubious virtues of renunciation. Without taking too much for granted, it may, I feel, be suggested that the theme of the prying outsider, which recurs so constantly in James's plots (e.g., in *The Sacred Fount, The Aspern Papers, Confidence, The Private Life*), is a fantasy of Destruction and would therefore tend to occur insistently to a man who was as careful as James to exclude anything resembling aggression from his personal relationships. The Renunciation theme is the obverse of the same, masochistic medal. Renunciation may, of course, be a reasonable, as well as a strong-minded, act. But the evident alacrity with which James resorted to this method of solving the dilemmas of his heroes (from Christopher Newman to Guy Domville and the narrator of *The Sacred Fount*) suggests that his addiction to the idea of noble renunciation, in fact concealed something less creditable—namely, lassitude, or a disinclination to face the indifference of others.

James's notorious, and often comic, ignorance of practical life was due to the purely idealistic cast of his mind, to which material particularities appeared irrelevant and even absurd. It is entirely possible that James himself did not know what the humble domestic object was by which Mr. Newsome *père* had made his pile. At the emotional level on which *The Ambassadors* proceeds, exactitude of this type would be as intrusive as a curiosity to know what Mélisande had for breakfast. If one feels the need of these facts, it is a sign that one had better let James and Maeterlinck alone. As Stuart P. Sherman has argued,† with some force, James was interested, first and last, in Beauty; and this exclusive devotion led naturally to the elaborations of his personal demeanour. Paradoxically, the eye can be innocent and yet know that it is innocent. To so highly conscious and withal so clever a man—and one who so clearly was able to look on at the spectacle of himself—it is rash to attribute *any* degree of unawareness or naivety. Such people love to act "in character": it flatters their self-esteem and amuses their friends at little or no expense to themselves. When James, taking tea with E. F. Benson at a golf club, referred to the game as "some beflagged jam-pots, I understand, my dear Fred, let into the soil at long but varying distances. A swoop, a swing, a flourish of steel, a dormy": when he spoke thus, we may take it that he knew perfectly well how hugely Benson—and posterity, too—would enjoy the joke.

This qualification must be borne in mind while reading Mr. Nowell-Smith's admirably documented book. If we do this, we have some chance of arriving at a picture—partial, I daresay, but not misleading—of an endlessly fascinating man. Such a perusal is the best preparation for Mr. Dupee's exhaustive symposium.† *The Question of Henry James* is likely to bore or bewilder the casual reader, who may not have a point of view sufficiently developed to enable him to distinguish between the gross ineptitude of a Thomas Beer or a Vernon Louis Parrington and the more judicious scepticism of Edmund Wilson and André Gide. But to the specialist some of the earlier critics of James, included in this book, will seem particularly acute, for the best of them examine his work on the basis of provisional assent; and James's art is of the kind which must be approached with humility, if it is to yield anything whatever. Among later explorers, R. P. Blackmur and F. O. Matthiessen have discovered most, precisely for that reason. The volume is worth buying for their essays alone.

The present piecemeal method of reprinting James's novels and stories may be unavoidable, but must be deplored because it is so haphazard. It is nice to meet *Daisy Miller* again; but anyone who republishes this famous story ought to inform the reader which of the two recensions he is being given. The present reprint‡ is of the first version, which differs importantly from the second and is now generally considered the better; but this fact can be discovered only by comparing the two versions.

The Spoils of Poynton (with its slighter companions, *A London Life* and *The Chaperon*)§ represents James at the height of his second phase of development as an artist. It is a wonderful example of method in the construction of a tragi-comic *nouvelle*. While James may be said to have graduated in the school of Turgenev and Mérimée, we find him here on the threshold of the Impressionist painter's technique which dominated his later style. In *The Spoils* we can watch him transfer his allegiance as it were from Ingres to Monet: working outwards from the centre, discovering the limits of his canvas in the act of filling it, and breaking up the conceptual surface of his subject into the coloured particles of which it is seen to consist, under the incidence of light. The result is imperishably firm, humorous and beautiful; but if we take the larger view we can see that these three stories are transitional, in theme and style and management. They belong to the period of James's preoccupation with social relationships, which yielded, with some abruptness, round about the year 1900, to what Mr. Blackmur finely describes as "the fiction of fate": the great poetic legends of the last phase. To this phase the legend of James the man largely belongs, and it is in Mr. Nowell-Smith's pages, rather than in Mr. Dupee's, that we should hunt for the source of the sacred fount. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

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* *The Legend of the Master*. By Simon Nowell-Smith. *Constable*. 12s. 6d.

† *The Question of Henry James*. Edited by F. W. Dupee. *Allan Wingate*. 9s. 6d.

‡ *Daisy Miller*. By Henry James. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 4s. 6d.

§ *The Spoils of Poynton, A London Life, and The Chaperon*. By Henry James. *John Lehmann*. 8s. 6d.

NEW NOVELS AND STORIES

The Axe of Wandsbek. By ARNOLD ZWEIG. *Hutchinson.* 12s. 6d.

The Intrigue. By JAQUES NATANSON. *Hamish Hamilton.* 6s.

Tragic Ground. By ERSKINE CALDWELL. *Falcon Press.* 8s. 6d.

Land Without Heroes. By G. F. GREEN. *Home and Van Thal.* 7s. 6d.

Four different nationalities; four different publishers; four different prices. Four different titles, for that matter. This is what one might call a very mixed bag, and a review was never more difficult to begin. For what one likes to do is to start with some spirited generalisation, some critical platitude faintly disguised by exaggeration, and then to relate each book to the opening dogma. "While Herr Zweig . . . Monsieur Natanson, on the other hand. . . ." It is a convention which makes for pleasanter writing, as no doubt it makes for easier reading, but there are occasions, more and more of them, when *any* suggestion of homogeneity would be misleading. If there were only some central tradition in the modern novel to which one might relate each book, assessing its conformity to the norm or its departure from it! But no such norm exists, not even a bad one. New novels sprawl and wriggle in every conceivable direction except a new one, and the only surprise for the reviewer is when he finds one book, a single one in perhaps a year of reviewing, which seems to have moved forward to some purpose. One might almost say that what is wanted now is not so much a *good* novel as a novel which leaves some sense of tantalising incompletion. Let a novel be bad, an utter failure, provided only that it suggests something else to be done in that direction. Signposts are what we need.

And so, by rejecting it, one arrives at a generalisation after all. Signposts are what we need, and not one of these four books provides one. Three of them are more or less bad, one of them is good, but the bad books are as infertile as the good one. In fact badness alone—how one pays, in the end, for the little pleasure of a paradox!—is not enough. Arnold Zweig once wrote an important *roman à thèse*, a weighty and impressive discussion on one of the urgent moral issues of our time. We are told by his English publishers that *The Axe of Wandsbek* is his best novel since then, and if this is so then Zweig is clearly the man of a single book. For the new novel has nothing to recommend it except the honourable moral intentions of its author. With them we are in rather exhausted, rather perfunctory, sympathy. We also believe that the Nazis were evil and that the worst of their evil was the corruption of the morally neutral. We also believe that good men resisted the evil and suffered for their resistance. Yet even in the moral message there seems to be a certain crudity, and in the principal theme of the book a curious misplacement of value. Four Hamburg communists are in jail, and the official executioner is ill. A volunteer is required and will be handsomely rewarded. Teetjen, the Wandsbek butcher, agrees, without even a show of reluctance, to do the job for two thousand marks. We are thereafter invited to witness the spectacle of Teetjen pursued by the furies and finally brought down by them. But the spectacle is uninteresting and uninstructive, for Teetjen was a bad man from the start, and the mere accidental fact that the bad are sometimes punished is without the least significance. If Teetjen had been reluctant to become an executioner, if he had given way only under the stress of great pressure, then his own guilt would perhaps have brought him low. Or he might, from that one evil act, have been transformed into a monster. We are, as it happens, familiar with both these themes, but they are great and tragic ones. There is neither greatness nor tragedy in the spectacle of a bad man who is fortuitously punished for his badness purely by circumstance. He might as easily have escaped punishment; his fate is intrinsically uninteresting. Zweig has tried to write the tragedy of Oswald, but no such tragedy is possible. Apart from this central theme *The Axe of Wandsbek* is a great clumsy panoramic book about Nazi Germany between 1937 and 1939. This is a fictional *égarement* with which we are exceedingly familiar.

M. Natanson's novel might almost have been written for English readers, so fully does it embody the popular conception of Gallic wit, Gallic naughtiness and Gallic passion. The theme is certainly an entertaining one. Serge Laurière is a "typical Frenchman," that is to say he is immoral, witty, unscrupulous and of no fixed occupation. The rich M. Destayac is threatened with the loss of his wife and persuades Serge, who is sexually irresistible, to act as a juicier carrot for the donkey. He is to ensnare Mme. Destayac and thus alleviate her present infatuation. Serge succeeds, of course, only too well, and what began in frivolity ends in passion and murder. On a rather shameful level the book is exceedingly enjoyable, but it is totally without meaning. At least it were more charitable to assume that it has no meaning than to read into its facile pages the momentous suggestion that love conquers all. Perhaps, after all, it is existentialist.

As for Mr. Caldwell, *Tragic Ground* is the first of his novels which has come my way, and it comes with a loud rumour that he is not to be judged by *this*. Assailed by this rumour it was easy to read into these pages the signs of a fallen talent. Here, I like to imagine that I would have guessed, is an able and experienced writer doubling back rather desperately on tracks which were once fresh enough. Certainly he knows how to do it, how to engage and compel the reader's interest, how to end chapters and begin them, where not to pause too long. But the great and ruinous fault of the book is the confusion of farce with horror. They are not incompatible, of course, but the nicest skill and propriety are needed to blend them inoffensively. Mr. Caldwell offends because he lacks discrimination. The prostitution of twelve-year-old girls is generally felt to be ugly if not tragic, and Mr. Caldwell is anxious to impress on us that indeed it is. But such hideous incidents are inserted into a broad background of farce, and there they become only an offence. The farce is of a high order and the impoverished, sly, simple-minded hero is a notable comic character. But the corruption of his daughter is not even shocking in such a context; it is only unpalatable. Once again one is left with a desolate impression of insignificance. The book has no meaning.

Mr. Green's stories, even the slightest of them, have something passionately to say, and he never fails to make his meaning clear. Yet he does this with the delicacy of a really good writer. Each story is perfect in its own right, cleverly planned, beautifully executed and leaving, one guesses, the precise impression which Mr. Green intended. The social background of *Land Without Heroes* is limited to the North-country working-classes, and that is clearly a wise and deliberate limitation. That material is *in* this writer as perhaps no other can ever be. But it is impossible not to regret that Mr. Green has been so unambitious. It is not that his themes are slight, but that they tend to repeat themselves. In a great many subtly different ways he is saying the same things, appealing to the same emotions. And he does this so well, as well, at his least cautious, as any living English story-writer, that one longs for him to enlarge his range. There is no sign in this book of a foot rashly extruding, no sign that Mr. Green has covered all the ground his talent allows. He has been standing beautifully still for far too many years.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

GOOD INTENTIONS

Land and Landscape. BRENDA COLVIN. *Murray*. 21s.

One of the sad things in life is that a good cause does not lend its virtues to its adherents. There is something beyond measure good in the idea of building Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land, but there is something beyond measure dreary in what the adherents to the idea have made of it, transforming a glorious creative adventure into a pudding of restrictions, prohibitive controls and frustrations. The difficulty is that the enemy know not what they do, and are indeed so entirely well intentioned, so worthy and disinterested, that it is difficult to be as ruthless with them as the case demands. How entirely right—for example—Mr. Mumford's general directions are; how far beyond challenge is the sentiment expressed in the remark which Mrs. Colvin quotes from his worthiest book: "A habitat so planned as to form a continuous background to a delicately graded scale of human feelings and values is the prime requisite of a cultivated life. . . ." It seems to be almost treason to the cause to say that this slum of words is as great an outrage as a slum of bricks, and that the brutal ugliness of the form of expression betrays the idea. Mrs. Colvin goes the whole way with Mr. Mumford and beyond, into the wild inane.

> The character of the plough has, since the earliest cultivations, always influenced the shapes and sizes of the fields: the introduction of the tractor is not likely to be any exception to this tendency. The pattern produced by a tractor working without the limitations of an existing field pattern is not a series of rectangles, but a series of circles, as we see by glancing at an aerial photograph of an aerodrome in Lybia, ploughed up by its defenders when capture by an advancing army become inevitable.
>
> It would not be surprising if, in the course of time, the tractor were to give rise to a new pattern of circular or hexagonal cellular fields. . . .

There are in this country nearly a quarter of a million tractor drivers who would be able to explain why this is rubbish, and several million acres which demonstrate its fatuity, but all the same Mrs. Colvin goes ahead with her generalisation on the strength of a photograph of an unusual wartime operation unrelated to farm practice in any way. Tee Hee! These planners!

The cause is not much further advanced when it comes to making practical suggestions:

> Trees of contrasting shapes may be spaced out in rhythmic repetition, say one upright form as a single specimen punctuating unit groups of three rounded trees (all of one kind). That gives the famous V for Victory rhythm which brought Beethoven's Fifth Symphony into such sudden popularity during the war. Many of the letters of the Morse alphabet could be chosen instead. . . .

And so on, until one begins to suspect a hoax, a suspicion strengthened, and almost confirmed, by the disgraceful little diagrams and the remarkable collection of pompously described photographs at the end of the book.

What is so depressing is the decline from the equivalent writing of the Victorians that all this represents. When Ruskin states the case for believing that beautiful landscape is the real kind of wealth, which makes a nation rich, and when Morris describes—as in *News from Nowhere*—a "planned" landscape, the language itself has a strength and beauty that carries conviction. One is conscious, what is more, that their ideas are the communication of their artistic experience. Faced with the visible world they have had a magnificent vision of what might be if everybody was as sensible, practical and hard working as artists are. *Land and Landscape* is a restatement of the same ideas, written in the muddled language of the kind of people who are so busy jostling round the materialist hog-trough that they never have time to put their words or thoughts in order: the evasive gobbledegook of the prospectus, the party programme, the Cairo communiqué, the puff for the useless drug. The process of moving from the one level to the other is generally called coming to terms with reality, or getting out of the ivory tower; anyone who is tempted by a sense of guilt to believe that it is a good process should compare the legacy we have received from the creative artists who stuck to the aesthetic approach first with what we have to thank the materialist for—the slum, the by-pass suburb, the pithead sprawl, the deserts of cement and brick, and then with the compromises achieved where the artist who has sold out has worked with the business man who has lost his nerve and his old-time ruthlessness. The compromise is always the worst. Society will only get beauty by giving artists a free hand—here is so much money, we want something we can be proud of to answer such and such a purpose—and artists will only get a free hand by sticking to the root of the matter and convincing society that they are creators of beauty. Suppose Mrs. Colvin had set down her plans for Bournemouth or Rochdale redeemed, for a Wye and Severn Valley authority—a dream of beauty and an industrial paradise—then we should have seen what she intended, what she could do. As it is (and it is as usual) all one sees is a confused state of mind, doubtful about means, uncertain about ends, and a little scared at the greatness of the task and the opportunity. ANTHONY WEST

LE GRAND MEAULNES

The Wanderer. BY ALAIN-FOURNIER. Translated by Françoise Deslile. With illustrations by John Minton and an introduction by Bonamy Dobrée. *Elek*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

The Wanderer is Alain-Fournier's *Le Grand Meaulnes* done into English. There should be good reason for such an alteration of title: what was wrong with *Big Meaulnes* or *The Great Meaulnes?* Chiefly, I suspect, that at one time it may have seemed non-selling.

But this introduces a more general complaint. The translation is an old one; so much is let slip in the introduction. When did it appear? Why is no date given? Why should the reader expend half a guinea on a reprint hastily (it would appear) though quite prettily furbished? Certainly Professor Dobrée's introduction is worth having, the drawings by John Minton tastefully adorn; but, after all, what counts—or should count—is the translation. And this, though by no means bad, could be considerably better. Indeed, obvious if minor blemishes catch the eye on most pages. A name is misprinted, a phrase of the original missed out; the "ripping things" of one passage aren't meant to suggest torn trousers; "boss" and "bohemian" (meaning mountebank) clash from different worlds; the schoolboy's black smock is everywhere called an overall (with footnote of definition); one can translate back, without the original text, such oddities as "the farm of the Fair Star," but not "Admiral" Meaulnes, the "Lost Land," the "dear woman"; and so on, and so on. Unnecessary irritation! I don't wish, however, to overstress these verbal discomforts, shocking though they may appear to a sensitive reader. On the whole—thanks to the enduring quality of Fournier's vision—the narrative runs well enough to keep its enchantment.

That enchantment is hard to convey to anyone who has not encountered it. Suppose we say that, like many poets—Rimbaud and Blake, for example—Fournier has marked a dividing line between innocence and experience, but having passed from one to the other, has been able to go back to this line and remain there, on tiptoe, indefinitely. Behind and about him lies childhood, in front stretches adolescence; two magics, of the known and the unknown; irresistibly they mingle; and here, delicately, exactly, with the clash only of regrets, he situates his golden age. How, from a present of delights and restraints, everything is only just starting! What impatience, what boredom, what certainty in the adventure when it comes! For Fournier it is the age also of faith, of miracles. He himself—he tells us—*heard* in winds over Sologne the legendary horns. In his story the lank Meaulnes, big Meaulnes, appearing one evening off the station bus, lets off a couple of forgotten fireworks, sits in form sulking, borrows a neighbour's horse and cart to charge over the hill, and his little limping friend will follow without question. The adventure discovers a whole landscape of romance—a crumbling manor, a beautiful girl, strolling players, charades, a strangely broken-off wedding-feast—and this is as real as Columbus's dreamt-of discovery of America. The girl smiles and sits talking in a village stores. The players put up a tent, make a goat balance on a wine-glass, and suddenly decamp one night stealing a score of chickens. Meaulnes weds his Yvonne; she dies in childbirth, while he—inevitably, one feels, but no less mysteriously—is away. He comes back to wrap the child in his cloak, and set out on new adventures. The romantic beauty of this tale is of the kind and quality that enchants in Nerval's *Sylvie*. There also an ideal intoxication has brought together love, poetry and the dissolving views of childhood; but with a quite different effect of artifice. Fournier's vision, less perilously detached, delights in the fact that every ideal proceeds from a real, that adventure begins, and can even end, at home. Only, however, he seems to proclaim, in childhood, before the mind has made its calculations. His children are aged from fifteen to nineteen, but children none the less.

"Freshness" is the word attached by Rivière (Fournier's best critic and friend) to *Le Grand Meaulnes*. Not a remarkable word; yet it does, when one looks into it, contain the truth that a more far-fetched criticism may miss. The vision that in another writer, Nerval or Maeterlinck, may seem decadent, is with him always fresh; he has an extraordinary purity of feeling, a keen eye for externals—and that is fresh; he brings to novel-writing the single-minded intensity of a poet, and yet his book remains essentially a novel—that, no doubt, is the freshest thing of all. The adventures here are real adventures, vivid as Huck Finn's; not only the mounted wrestlers in the playground, but their discouraged or wise elders, the blacksmith's forge, the three wal-

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DENT

nut trees in a field, the whole village, come to life instantly. Fights, bathing, bicycle rides: to all of these another dimension has been added. The child has a wonderful and incurably sharp-sighted love of *what is*, and so, unforgettably, has Alain-Fournier. His story is both the most visionary and the most firmly rooted of all novels about childhood in our time. G. W. STONIER

THE PROSPECT BEHIND US

The Road to Prosperity. By ERNEST MARPLES, M.P. *Staples.* *7s. 6d.*

Mr. Marples is a man of parts. As a builder, he has established a successful business; an amateur wrestler, he has laid out a midnight burglar with a hip-roll; and in *The Road to Prosperity* he has contrived in the space of two pages to quote Disraeli, Etienne Mantoux, Keynes, Comte and the late Dr. Clapham. With his energy, his enquiring mind, his "system" for living and his transition from a working-class home and Socialism to the Tory back-bench, Mr. Marples fits readily into a former period of private enterprise—perhaps the period of H. G. Wells' early novels. Having discovered the benefits of paternal capitalism, Mr. Marples now formulates his views in the form of an industrial policy for Progressive Conservatism. His Road to Prosperity is Industrial Co-partnership.

Mr. Marples' neatness of thought shows itself at the outset in the strip-cartoon, "Capital and Labour," which states his theme. An ass, Capital, is tied to another ass, Labour. Both strain in opposite directions towards two piles of hay. In vain they buck and kick; the rope is too short, and neither eats. As they sit down exhausted, a revelation comes to them—co-partnership. They rise, stroll across to one heap, eat it; then stroll across to the other heap and eat that, too.

In this symmetrical arrangement, Socialists will see various defects, among them Mr. Marples' indifference to the fact that Capital's jaws are bigger and its rate of munching more rapid than that of Labour. If co-partnership is to offer even the "element of justice" which Lord Woolton in his cautious preface sees in it, its value will be determined by Labour's share of the benefits. By what yardstick shall these be divided? By the productive merit of Capital and Labour? I cannot see many of Mr. Marples's Conservative friends agreeing to co-partnership if that is the test. Nor can I believe that many workers will be satisfied that the proportion of the profits allocated to Labour in the profit-sharing schemes quoted by Mr. Marples accords ideally with economic justice.

When he speaks of joint consultation, he deals with something which Socialists and Industrial Charter Conservatives now regard with the same relative enthusiasm as they regard, say, Civic Restaurants. If Mr. Marples can persuade Conservative employers, as distinct from his Party's ideologists, to encourage the development of J.P.C.s, he will have done industry a service. They need not wait for a Tory Government in order to show the sincerity of their belief in industrial democracy. *The Road to Prosperity* is a stimulating essay which I recommend to Conservatives and Socialists alike; and more particularly to every Labour M.P. who wants a guide to what the politically well-dressed Young Tory will be wearing at the next election.

MAURICE EDELMAN

DIGGERS

Foundations in the Dust. By SETON LLOYD. *Oxford University Press.* 15*s.*

It was odd that at just the time when many people in this country were being shocked by the dangerous thoughts of their compatriot Charles Darwin, other Englishmen were offering what seemed to be a heaven-sent antidote. For a large part of the public at home the discoveries of the nineteenth century pioneers in Mesopotamian archaeology were of interest because they gave material evidence for biblical cities and biblical heroes. There was even the Chaldean story of the Flood, first deciphered from a cuneiform tablet thirteen years after the publication of the *Origin of Species*. It was obscurely re-assuring; and satisfactory, too, that the great winged bulls and other Assyrian antiquities should add so much to the weight and importance of the collections in the British Museum.

The longer, and certainly the more successful, section of *Foundations in the Dust* is devoted to these pioneers who so nicely represent the changing social scene at home. First Claudius Rich, born in the eighteenth century and inheriting its self-confident brilliance. He would not travel without a retinue in keeping with the dignity of a British Resident, while night after night for years he and his wife dressed elaborately to dine alone together on the Residency terrace overlooking the abundant life of Baghdad. Rich's main contributions to archaeology were the accurate field surveys that he carried out on a number of ancient sites, and a passionate speculative interest that stimulated the minds of others.

Second came H. C. Rawlinson, athlete, soldier and scholar, an example of the ninteenth century imperial Englishman at his most magnificent. He rode from Poona to Panwell in four hours for a wager, and it was said of him when he in turn had become British Resident in Baghdad that "had he taken one dog and put his English hat on its head . . . all the people in the bazaar would have made way for him and bowed to him, and the soldiers would have stood still and presented arms as he passed." For all this, Rawlinson was a fine epigraphist, whose success, after many years' research, in deciphering the trilingual inscription on the Rock of Behistun won for him the title of Father of Cuneiform. It is remarkable that the squeezes of this inscription, made by him at great risk to his life, "were partly eaten by mice in the British Museum."

Third of the three giants of early Mesopotamian archæology was Henry Layard, whose dash, flair and sensibility seem to have roused the suspicion of those scholars in England who were made of sterner stuff. Unlike the other two, Layard was primarily an excavator. Working with primitive methods and the local antidiluvian tackle he was able not only to send huge consignments of sculpture and other antiquities to the British Museum, but also to establish the plans of the more important buildings.

Rich, Rawlinson and Layard were in the true sense amateurs; it was inevitable that their successors during the second half of the century should be increasingly professional. But before new standards could be established there was an unhappy phase with none: the city mounds were looted for collectors' pieces by dealers and officials alike; the French and English, who had been friendly in Layard's time, gave way to disgraceful rivalry and there were troubles with the Turkish authorities. At last, however, the professional conscience grew, German expeditions helped to introduce systematic methods of excavation, while after 1918 Gertrude Bell was able to ease the transition to Arab independence by instituting an Iraq Antiquities Service and guiding the formulation of a legal code under which all foreign excavators were to operate. So began the period of intensive scientific excavation which occupied the interwar years, a period when a dozen expeditions drawn from many nations might be simultaneously in the field.

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civilisation. The ground is indeed covered, but with an excessive lack of balance between the story of the pioneers: long enough to include details of the emotions and underclothes of Rich's wife, and the "briefest possible summary" which is all we are allowed for the work of the last twenty years.

There is an excellent short description of varieties of local scenery, otherwise Mr. Seton Lloyd's style is undistinguished except by an occasional piece of good fortune such as this—"So the end of the eighteenth century is reached with Mesopotamia's great heritage of antiquities still safely bosomed in her mounds."

JACQUETTA HAWKES

AWKWARD BRATS

Psychotherapy with Children. By FREDERICK H. ALLEN. *Kegan Paul.* 10*s.* 6d.

Books about difficult children are many and unreadable. There are the analysts of adults who are forever finding something surprisingly nasty in the woodshed of childhood, and a few analysts of children who confirm those findings. There are also innumerable, optimistic advisers of worried parents and children who offer them a little clean and simple psychology to calm their consciences. Between the experimentalist willing to spend years delving hopefully into one infantile unconscious and the fluent distributor of generalisations there are many people who work in child guidance clinics coping summarily but with fair success with a continual stream of unhappy and objectionable youngsters. They tend to be eclectic and pragmatic in their theories and generally keep their case histories in their files, which means that much valuable observation and experience is lost.

Professor Allen has been working with difficult children in the Philadelphia Child Guidance Clinic for seventeen years. His book is a brief and unpretentious account of his technique and philosophy of treatment and is a rarity in that its specimen case histories give details of what the therapist said and did at critical moments in the child's relationship with him. Dr. Allen is also somewhat unusual in reporting his mistakes.

It is clear that the author is better at dealing with children than with philosophical abstractions. The first three chapters contain many statements like the following:

> Individuation is, by its very nature, a differentiating process. As a social and biological phenomenon, it stands in the center of the growth picture and constitutes its essence. The therapeutic process occurs as a unique growth experience, created by one person seeking and needing help from another who accepts the responsibility of offering it.

Which is sensible enough when you work out what it means, if you ever do, but neither novel nor profound. It is easier to infer Dr. Allen's attitude to life from his approach to fearful, aggressive and negative children than to follow his own explanation of it. He believes that the main business of therapy is to help the patient to discover the reality of his own personality and to accept it. He regards successful adaptation to the family and other social groups as the best test of mental health, and his judgment of emotional parasitism is severe. These attitudes, though general in psychological practice, are infrequently admitted in theory. It may be their suitability to the American social climate which makes Dr. Allen so downright about them.

The technique of treatment described consists mainly in play therapy, but not as it is understood in this country. Dr. Allen uses play because it is necessary to the child as a language, but his whole emphasis rests upon the relationship between patient and therapist—the transference situation, in fact, though he does not use the term. He does not interpret the play in the fashion of depth psychologists dealing with dreams, or rather he asks the child to do the interpretation out of its own self-knowledge. He approves the remark of one child, "I've learned there are things inside of me that not even you or I know." This would raise a charge of superficiality in most analytic circles.

An essential part of the method is the study and discussion of the motives and circumstances which brought the child to the clinic, and much attention is also given to the ending phase of therapy. It is made a test of recovery that the child should agree some time in advance on the date when he is to stop coming to the clinic.

Dr. Allen's general approach to the disturbed child is toughish—pleasantly free from the cooing recommendation of more and more love as a cure-all.

> It is possible for a therapist to block therapy by trying to be too good and understanding. An aggressive, fighting child who has been running roughshod over every limit and every person will find more anxiety roused by the therapist who is too giving and understanding on the theory that the child needs to be "loved" because of "affect-deprivations."

This report on work done in Philadelphia will make British psychologists alternately envious and critical. It deserves to be widely read if only for the remarkably clear picture which this child psychologist has of the nature and limits of his own responsibility to society. FREDERICK LAWS

Blue Pencil Admiral. By Rear Admiral G. P. THOMSON. *Sampson Low.* 15*s.*

Admiral Thomson is the only known example of a popular censor. He was naturally better able to cope than a civilian with soldiers, airmen and other Admirals when, as he politely intimates in this very readable book, they assumed that every journalist is, even in wartime, first and last out for a stunt and out to do the censorship down if he gets the chance. He recalls the rare occasions when journalists did so; his battle was harder after the strange lapse of a correspondent of a great American paper who on one occasion devised a code for despatching an illicit item of military information. There were other notorious cases, the most famous being that of the A.P. correspondent who anticipated the news of the armistice. But in general Admiral Thomson found British and foreign correspondents in London were as determined as the censors not to publish information helpful to the enemy. He won their confidence by sticking rigidly to the rule that the journalist was entitled to receive and give the fullest information provided he did not aid the enemy's military operations. In this book, which is spiced with many excellent stories, he explains to the layman just how the censorship worked, and what were its peculiar difficulties at each period of the war. One conclusion is that the combination of the Admiral, Sir Walter Monckton, Francis Williams and Sir Cyril Radcliffe at the Ministry of Information was singularly happy, and that its selection is one feather in Mr. Brendan Bracken's otherwise rather poorly decorated cap. Personal experience of the working of censorship during the war corroborates Admiral Thomson's account of the good relationship that gradually grew up between two professions which in theory must be at each other's throats. That was mainly because Admiral Thomson and his colleagues refused to censor opinion; in doubtful cases they took the journalist into their confidence and really did their best to get as much as possible published.

Vincent Van Gogh. Drawings, Pastels, Studies. Introduction by DR. MUENSTERBERGER, M.A. PH.D. *The Falcon Press.* 21*s.*

That Van Gogh was a great man is undeniably proved by his life, and by his letters to his brother. Although not a Rembrandt in stature as an artist,

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he was a kind of Christ among painters, and an inspiration to all artists. He showed that it is possible to overcome appalling mental suffering, lack of human relationships and ensuing loneliness only by hard work and concentrating on the one thing, painting, that has finally to exclude all others. Though the humanity gained in the struggle is apparent in the treatment and understanding of his drawings of peasants, these same drawings also show that Van Gogh was by no means a natural artist. The first fifty monochrome reproductions in this book have none of the qualities expected in the draughtsmanship of a master. They are often harsh, ill at ease and badly drawn, yet all show the strength and determination which, in spite of this lack of inherent talent, were to result in the phenomenal output and achievement of so few years.

The most obviously charming drawings are those of the Paris period, the best of which are here reproduced in colour. These, with the exception of plate VII, are not drawings from which paintings were necessarily to be done, but are pictures in themselves. From the time of the arrival at Arles onwards the race against time allowed for few drawings which were not merely notes for paintings. The remarkable fact about these later notes is that on only one drawing (page 66) are there any written colour reminders. Van Gogh's memory for colour must have been astounding.

The introduction by Dr. Muensterberger which starts on a fruitless search for an explanation of Van Gogh's use of the signature Vincent, continues to be uninteresting and to give no new facts about either Van Gogh's life or his art. To say he was inspired by Japanese woodcarvings is presumably a mistake in translation from the original Dutch text, and the merit in this rather expensive book is entirely in the well-chosen, and well-reproduced, colour and monochrome illustrations.

Week-end Competitions

No. 941

Competition Set by Sebastian

The usual prizes are offered for an epigram in four lines on one of the Appetites. Entries by March 9.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 938

Set by Stephen Bone

The usual prizes are offered for a poem of 10 or 11 lines in the manner of Pope, or a stanza in the manner of Spenser's Faerie Queen, on the subject of a modern building.

Report by Stephen Bone

Two Popes to every Spenser. Too much plain abuse; insufficient satire; insufficient particularization. Some good lines in non-prizewinners:

" More *cramped* than compact, *sterile* more than clean." (P. M.)

And Julius Posener's

" Abstract of concrete, for your purpose fit,
You freeze the mind although you please the wit."

And Mrs. Gould's

" The Architect without the Muses' aid
Found rectitude in rectangles displayed."

And this beginning of a Spenserian stanza from E. M. Hibbert:

" And more, to soothe her on her Tuesdays off
An Odeon there was, a fearsome place."

I recommend two guineas to Allan M. Laing (it would have been three but for the grammatical oversight in the seventh line), and prizes of one guinea each to L. E. J., Guy Kendall, William Bliss (though Street *ob.* 1881), and S. W. Hyde. Runners-up: Stanley J. Sharpless (Bank of England), Shok (New Delhi), A. G D H. (Leicester Square Odeon), Pamela Bower (Empire State), Pithecus (Pre-fab), Fergie (General Invective), and Alexander Scott (who actually attempted *praise* of a modern building). The adjudicator does not necessarily endorse the views of the prizewinners.

SPENSER ON A PRE-FAB

Right glad he was to have this littel house
  For which to enter he had waited long.
Of seeming card-boorde greye its humble walls
  And from its lowe flat roofe one chimnye sprong.
  Loud in the bath-roome sounds his happye song.
The whyle his dame adventureth all shye
  With gadgets newe that often goeth wrong,
And, noses pressd to windowe, smaller frye
An hundred housen lyke as pease in podde espye.

ALLAN M. LAING

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When sage *Minerva* craved more dwelling-space,
Oxford, insensible to native Grace,
Has late contrived, at straitened *Bodley's* call,
A hybrid Lump, half Fortress, half Town-hall.
Cambridge, to classic *Wren's* exemplar blind.
Yet fain to lodge the Furniture of Mind,
For Rule and nice Proportion shewed no Care,
Browbeat the new, neat Colony of *Clare*,
And, false to ancient Stone, all Learning's Hoard
In one blank, brick Pantechnicon has stored.

L. E. J.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON SPENSERIAN

Then drewe they nigh a massive Academe
  Where divers lerning was to scholares taughte;
Like to a childes castel did it seeme
  Of four-square wooden brickes featly wroughte;
  Nor coulden they believe 'twas what they soughte,
So bare of Greek or Gothique ornament
  It stood—no sign of philosophic thoughte
In statuë nor sculptured pediment;
Like gloomy prison it seemed for direst punishment.

GUY KENDALL

THE LAW COURTS

Did Street, designing them, intend to show
Law needs no light but its own inward glow?
Or did he, prompted by some secret spite,
Think to imply that lawyers shun the Light?—
Howe'er that be, our agéd Judges sit
In draughty Courts, crepuscularly lit.
Nor does the outward Prospect of the Pile
Convince Mankind that only Man is vile.—
Pretentious, yet, for all its Detail, dull,
Ungraceful, Undistinguished, heavy, Null.

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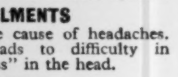
King of the Baptists, Emperor of Oil,
Dig deep, or touch not the Manhattan soil!
He nods; ten thousand horses' thunderous shock
Tears out the living daylights from the rock.
He lifts his hand; and straight the towers arise
As mountains massive, pressing back the skies;
Uncouth as Peace, as Destiny austere,
Business to Beauty is translated here.
See, twixt harsh cliffs the tender petal curled;
Within, bright flags in friendship fly unfurled
Without, a crippled Atlas bears a hollow world

S. W. HYDE

POPE ON THE BANK OF ENGLAND

Majestic Nothing! Monumental Hash!
Stemm'd from an age void both of Style and Cash;
An iron frame beneath a skin of stone,
A Grecian profile Greece would blush to own,
See the new Darling of Threadneedle Street,
An honest Woman turn'd into a Cheat.
Here stands upon the City's holy ground
The Mausoleum of the English Pound,
Whose desp'rate Architect had thought it best
  To put a brave Face on an empty Chest. . . .

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS



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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applics. for following permanent appointments calling for scientific qualifics. of all kinds to be filled by competitive interview: (1) About 30 Senr. Scientific Officers in Govt. Departments. Candidates must be at least 26 and under 31 yrs. of age on August 1, 1948. They must have obtained a Univ. degree in a scientific subject or in Maths. with first or second-class hons. or an equivalent qualific. or possess high professional attainments, and they must have had at least 3 years' appropriate post-graduate or other approved exp. (2) About 170 Scientific Officers in Govt. Departments. Candidates must be at least 21 and under 28 years of age on Aug. 1, 1948 (under 31 for candidates holding perm. appointments in Experimental Officer Class of Government service). They must have obtained a Univ. degree in a scientific subject or in Maths. with first or second-class hons. or an equiv. qualific. or possess high professional attainments. But candidates sitting for their degrees in summer of 1948 will be admitted to the competition. Incl. London salary scales are: Senior Scientific Officer, £650×£25—£850; Scientific Officer, £360×£25—£600. Rates for women are somewhat lower. Superann. provision is made either under F.S.S.U. or under the Superannuation Acts, according to appointment. Further partics. and applic. forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Br., 27, Grosvenor Sq. London, W.1, quoting No. 2114, to whom completed applic. forms should be returned by March 15, 1948.

CIVIL Service Commission. The Civil Service Commissioners announce an Open Competition for about 10 vacancies in the Statistician Class of Home Civil Service, to be held in 1948 concurrently with the competition under Method I for the Administrative Class of Home Civil Service, and with an examination on same lines as for that Method except for certain additional subjects. Age limits at least 20½ and under 33 on Aug. 1, 1948. Entry as Assistant Statistician on the sal. scale, for men in London, of £360×£25—£410×£30—£720; higher starting pay for entrants with approved post-graduate exp. Sals. are somewhat lower for women and for officers serving outside London. There are prospects of promotion to higher grades. Superannuation under the Federated Superannuation System for Universities. Further parts. and forms of applic. from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gdns. W.1, quoting No. 2125; completed applic. forms to be returned by March 15.

VICTORIA University College (University of New Zealand). School of Social Work. The Council of Victoria University College is establishing a Special School of Social Work and invites applics. for position of Professor in Charge of the School, salary £1,200 p.a. (N.Z.). Further partics. may be obtained from Secretary, Universities Bureau of the British Empire, 8 Park St. London, W.1. Closing date for the receipt of applics. is April 17.

WOLVERHAMPTON & Staffs. Technical College. Principal: W. E. Fisher, O.B.E., D.Sc. The Governors invite applics. for appointment (in their Department of General and Adult Studies) of a Lecturer to combine the teaching of literary subjects with the development of Drama in the College. Good stage exp. would recommend equally with successful teaching record. Post will carry an allowance for Special Responsibility of £100 over and above the basic scale salary for Assistants, together with all additions for Degree, Training, etc., permissible under the Burnham Technical Scale. Initial salary will include appropriate increments for years of teaching and war service, also for years of recognised industrial (incl. stage) exp. Basic Burnham Technical Scale at present £300 to £525 p.a. Certain improvements in the scale are expected to come into effect in April, 1948. Further partics. & applic. form from F. Lonsdale Mills, Clerk to Governors, Educ. Offices, North St. Wolverhampton.

APPLICS. invited from men and women (pref. married) for posts of Secretary of Marriage Guidance Centres to be set up in London by the Family Welfare Assocn. Applicants should hold a recog. Diploma or Certificate in Social Science, or similar qualic., and will be reqd. to undertake a specialised course of training for Marriage Guidance work. Salary on appointment, £350 p.a., rising by annual increments of £12 10s. to £425 p.a. Applics., giving full partics. and names and addresses of two persons for ref., should be sent by March 9, 1948, to B. E. Astbury, O.B.E. Family Welfare Association, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. S.W.1.

APPOINTMENT of Secretary. Horsham Child Guidance Clinic. Applics. invited for above appointment from persons familiar with office procedure, able to undertake certain admin. responsibilities and who are competent shorthand typists. Sal. in accordance with the General Division of the National Joint Council Scale according to age (e.g., age 25—£234 p.a., age 30—£290 p.a.), with an additional proficiency grant in certain cases. Appointment will be superannuable and successful candidate will be reqd. to pass medical exam. Applics., with the names of 3 refs., to undersigned by March 6. T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Chichester.

UNIVERSITY College, Leicester. Applics. invited from men graduates for an appointment as Assistant Registrar. Initial sal. £450-£500, with membership of F.S.S.U. Further partics. from Registrar.

Appointments Vacant—continued

COUNTY of Berks. Applics. invited from women of suitable exp., aged 30 years or over, for appointment of Children's Officer at an annual salary of £700, rising by annual increments of £25 to £800 plus cost-of-living bonus (at present £43 2s. p.a.) with travelling, subsistence and motor car allowances on the Council scale. Successful applicant will be reqd. to undertake duties in connection with children deprived of a normal home life, including children in Homes and boarded out. Applicants should be specialists in child care and have had considerable exp. in work with children. Other qualifics. being equal, pref. will be given to Univ. graduates with a Social Service Diploma. Appointment will be subject to three months' notice on either side and, except as expressly varied by terms of the appointment, to general conditions of service of the Council. Provisions of the Local Govt. Superann. Act, 1937, will apply and to be successful a candidate must pass a medical exam. Conditions of appointment and forms of applic. may be obtained from me on receipt of a s.a.e. and should be returned completed by March 13, 1948. Canvassing either directly/indirectly will disqualify. H. J. C. Neobard, Clerk of the Council, Shire Hall, Reading.

L.C.C. invites applics. for appointment of Superintendent and Matron of Lamorbey Children's Home, Sidcup, Kent, which has accomm. for 330 children at present maintained under provisions of Poor Law Act, 1930. Lamorbey is a "Cottage-type" home from which the children attend schools maintained by Kent educ. authority. Applics. will be considered for each post individually and solely on basis of qualifics. and exp., but appointment of a Superintendent whose wife should be Matron would be entertained should each be the best individual candidate. In either case, appointment will be a joint one subject to condition that termination of appointment of either will terminate appointment of the other on next ensuing quarter day. This does not debar either superintendent or matron from being re-appointed, but enables the Council to review filling of both posts. Superintendent and Matron will be responsible for direction of home and for carrying out Council's policy for care of children deprived of a normal life. Salaries: Superintendent, £420-£30-£660 p.a.; Matron, £300-£20-£440 p.a. Positions carry tax-free emoluments of board, lodging, laundry and attendance which are valued for purposes of superann. at £210 (Superintendent) and £150 (Matron); these values are under review. Successful candidates reqd. to pass a medical exam. and will be reqd. to contribute to Council's Superann. and Provident Fund. Appointments excepted from Control of Engagement Order, 1947. For further details and applic. forms apply to Educ. Officer (Estab. 6D/71), County Hall, S.E.1. (347.)

L.C.C. Psychologist (part-time) (man or woman) reqd. at Fountain Hospital (for mentally defective children), Tooting Grove, S.W.17. Salary scale £300 to £400 for five sessions of three hours each a week. Salary will be at fixed rate within the scale according to qualifics. and exp. Applicants must be graduates of a recog. University with appropriate qualifics. in psychology. Applic. forms, returnable by March 12, 1948, from Med. Officer of Health (MHS/B), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (435.)

REGIONAL Psychiatric Social Service. Applics. invited from trained/expd. social workers interested in case work in the mental health field. The work includes casework and an advisory service dealing with mental health problems in children and adults and involves close contact with clinics, hospitals, local authorities and other social agencies. Sal. is from £300-£450 p.a. according to exp. Applics. with copies of 2 recent testimonials should be sent to the General Sec., National Assoc. for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St. W.1. Vacancies in Birmingham.

APPLICS. invited from Psychiatric Social Workers for work in the Regional Psychiatric Social Service. Work includes casework and an advisory service dealing with mental health problems in children and adults and involves close contact with clinics, hospitals, local authorities and other social agencies. The Regional Representative has the supervision of the work of the regional team of social workers. Sal. is according to the A.P.S.W. scale with special responsibility allowance. Applics. together with copies of 2 recent testimonials should be submitted to the General Secy., National Assocn. for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St. W.1. There are no vacancies in London region.

WORCESTERSHIRE Educ. Cttee. Assistant Leader reqd. for Youth Club in industrial part of the County. Opportunity for further exp. for man or woman contemplating Youth Service Career. Should have exp. of work with adolescents. Salary £200 plus bonus. Post is superannuable under Local Govt. Officers' Superannuation Act. Applic. forms will be forwarded on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. R. Y. Logan, Director of Education, County Buildings, Worcester. (Q1.)

DOWNHAM (Kent) Community Centre. Applics. invited for post of full-time Warden of the above Centre. Applicants should be persons with appropriate qualifics. who have had exp. of this type of work. Sal. will be at the rate of £400 p.a., rising by annual increments of £20, to £500 p.a. Age limit 25-45. Partics. obtained by sending s.a.e. to Secretary, North-West Kent Council of Social Service, 97a Main Rd., Sidcup, Kent. Applics. should then be made in candidates' own handwriting and be returned to Secretary by March 5.

WYCHWOOD School, Banbury Road, Oxford, requires in September resident French mistress; experience or training essential. Apply E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

Appointments Vacant—continued

TWO attractive posts offered to those interested in children. Appointment for one season only, good salary given. Car driver essential and own car an advantage as country districts to be visited to find homes for children's summer holidays. Apply in writing: Secy., Children's Country Holidays Fund, 18 Buckingham St. London, W.C.2.

KINGSWOOD Community Association. Applics. invited for the appointment of a qualified warden (non-residential), salary £350-£400 p.a., according to exp. Application forms can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, "The Arch," High St. Kingswood, Bristol.

GIRTON College, Cambridge. Applics. invited for office of Steward. Stipend will be £450-£600 according to qualifics. and exp., with free residence and usual pension arrangements. Further partics. from College Sec., to whom applics. to be sent by March 12.

LADY of good education (Jewish) wanted as housemother for girls 8 to 14. Salary £175 p.a., rising to £250 by annual increments of £15, and full residential emoluments. Apply in writing to: Principal, Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood, S.E.27.

PETERBOROUGH Joint Education Board. County Grammar School for Girls (500 pupils). Headmistress: Miss M. Mathews, M.A. Reqd. in Sept. (earlier if possible) Assistant Mistresses for: (1) Chemistry and Physics to School and Higher School Certificate standard and to help in the teaching of General Science in the middle school. (2) Biology or Zoology throughout the School to Higher School Certificate standard. A suitable candidate might be offered a post of special responsibility. Candidates should hold an Hons. Degree; training and/or exp. desirable. Sal. according to Burnham Scale. Applic. forms from the undersigned to be returned to Headmistress at School. Leslie Tait, Chief Education Officer, Town Hall, Peterborough.

CHAIGELEY School, Thelwall, Nr. Warrington. Reqd. full-time woman teacher with calling to teach general subjects and pref. some music in this co-ed. resident school for maladjusted children. Burnham Scale (2 increments for spec. school). Apply Headmaster.

2 Qualified Teachers, one preferably a man, required for infant and junior classes in private progressive day school. Appl. Sec., Fortis Green School, Fortis Green, London, N.2.

REQD. French Master/Mistress, resident maladjusted children. Psychological approach. Freedom, self-government. Burnham scale. Shaw, East Sutton, Kent.

OWING to expansion, House Master wanted in May for Junior House Wester Elchies School (Prep. School for Gordonstoun). Apply with testimonials to Headmaster, Wester Elchies, Craigellachie, Strathspey, N.B.

VACANCIES for masters and mistresses in all subjects at new departments of boarding school on borders of Wales. Resident posts for men and women prepared to teach boys individually in groups of less than six at any time. Good conditions. Send full particulars of your record and exp. to Box No. 27, John Hart & Co., 22 Northumberland Ave. Charing Cross, London, W.C.2.

SEWING room assistant required for boys' section of Licensed Victuallers' School, Slough, preferably young, some experience desirable. Very good home, and excellent wages paid. Apply Matron.

STOCKBROKERS require Gilt Edge Statistician able to compile charts and suggest switches to Institutions, good salary. Write stating previous experience to Box E.124 Willings, 362 Gray's Inn Rd. W.C.1.

EDITORIAL Assistant (woman) wanted in March to handle work of a Farmwomen's Club (mainly correspondence) shortly to be started by "The Farmers Weekly." Must be interested in farming and in people, a good organiser with reasonable shorthand-typing. Apply, giving full partics. and details of previous exp., to Editor, Home Section, Farmers Weekly, 34 Shoe Lane, E.C.4.

ADVERTISEMENT space seller (woman) wanted for estab. industrial monthly with substantial circulation. Fixed sal. £8 p.w. State age, educ., training, exp. Box 1642.

AGENTS reqd. throughout the United Kingdom for marketing high-class books in their own districts. Permanent representative, exclusive territories allotted, part-time work on generous commission terms; only educated men with good references need apply. Box 2106.

LONDON Publishers require shorthand-typist, able to work on own initiative. Age not under 20. Hours 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. No Saturdays. Write details of education and salary required to Box 1737.

CAVENDISH Secretarial Service, 13 Princes St. Cavendish Sq. W.1. All office staff supplied and wanted. Also copying of professional, literary, foreign and business papers. Duplicating. High standard. MAYfair 2772.

Appointments Wanted

ADAPTABLE young lady wishes to travel in capacity of secretary. Expd. Sec., sht./typg., some French, car driver. Box 1318.

EXPD. School Bursar and Land Agent, M.A. (Cantab.), sks. change; either similar school/college post or possibility a combination of duties of Bursar or Warden with some relief scholastic/exam. work. Box 1725.

PERSONAL Assistant-Secretary. Well educated young lady seeks post where imagination and initiative required. Box 1643.

PART-time work required by woman experienced secretarial duties, preferably political, social, or humanitarian. Box 1577.

EXPD. Secretary would like interesting work several days weekly. Box 1739.

INTELLIGENT woman (32), ex-service, University educ.; enthusiastic organiser; exp. Journalism, teaching, sh/typ.; highest refs. Free now. Box 2464.

Where to Stay and Restaurants

GREAT Western Hotel, Newquay. Incomparable for Spring or Summer holiday. Uniquely situated on a spur of land between two glorious sandy beaches. Renowned for generosity and excellence of meals served. 55 bedrooms. Fully licensed. Tel.: 201011

SEATON, S. Devon. Seaton Beach Hotel. A.A. * * * *, R.A.C. Just the place for Easter and Spring. Faces due South on sea front. Cheerful, warm and very comfortable—it's one of Devon's best hotels. Cocktail lounges and bar. Billiards, Golf. Tel.: 17.

CARLYON Bay, St. Austell, S. Cornwall. Cliff Head Hotel. Spring holidays? Excel. apptd. and efficient and friendly service. Overlooks lovely coast. Golf, Squash, Badminton, Tennis, Bathing, Sea Fishing. Own Talkie Projector. Club lic. Tel.: Par 125.

MORRIS Lodge Hotel, Gong Hill, near Farnham, Surrey, situated amid beautiful pinelands. Week-ends, Holidays or Winter Residence. Country house atmosphere. Children welcomed. H. and c. all rooms and central heating. Licensed. Write for brochure. Telephone: Frensham 362.

A SHORT rest and change will enable many people to carry on. Lovely, peaceful surrdgs., tranquil atmos Tennis, squash, many unique features await you at Langdale Estate (N.), Gt. Langdale, Nr. Ambleside. Gras. 82.

REST and quiet holiday, lovely wooded cntry. Breakfast in bed. Terms from 5 *gns.* Mrs. Bell, The Gables, Groombridge, Sussex.

ASHDOWN Forest. Well-appointed house, central htg. & log fires, sun terrace, Southern aspect, spacious views; billiards, comfortable lounges. Send for tariff: The Manor, Duddleswell, Sussex. 'Phone Nutley 2.

WORTHING. Small exclusive Hotel in ideal position. Every comfort. Avenue Lodge Hotel, 1 Grand Avenue, Worthing. Tel. 349.

CORNISH fishing village, Mounts Bay. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven 271. Good food. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

LEE Bay Hotel, Lee, Devon. Situated in beautiful and secluded valley by sea. Rooms available for Easter and onwards. All communications: Prop., John Hamilton, Ilfracombe.

CORNWALL. Mullion and Lyzard area. Guest House with quiet friendly atmos. Magnificent sea views 5 mins. beach. Kennack House, Kuggar, Ruan Minor (Tel. 233.)

CORNISH Manor. 15 acres. Mildest climate. Treharrock Hotel. Port Isaac 234.

RELAX in country house atmosphere of Markly Hotel. 20 bedrooms (some with dressing-rooms), roomy comf. lounges, cent. htg. (own elec. plant), constant hot water, garden and hothouse produce from 82-acre estate. Riding. Open all year incl. Christmas. Write to Manageress for brochure. Markly Hotel, Rushlike Green, Sussex. Tel.: Rushlake Green 270.

RAMSAY Hotel, Clacton. Priv. and Resid. Open all year round. Ideally situated on sea front, overlooking pier and band pavilion. 92 bedrooms, dining room seating 80 Terms on application. Tel.: Clacton 169.

PEMBROKE Coast. Vacancies few guests in Zoologist's sunny country bungalow. Ideal field naturalists. Pegity Cot., St. Davids.

DEVONEDGE Hotel, Charmouth, Dorset. 5 mins. from sea. Glorious country. H. & c. all bedrooms. Recommended for excellent food, comfort and service. Tel. 96.

ZURICH Restaurant, 65 Cleveland St. W.1, for original Swiss cooking. Reservations 'phone Mus. 9431.

T. A. LAYTON sells Wine. Try a glass at Layton's Wine Room, 2a, Duke St. W.1 (by Manchester Sq.), Welbeck 8808 and 186[illegible]. We deliver.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St. W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

AN inexpensive pied-à-terre near Harrods. Furn. single service flatlets with baths, breakfast, cent. htg., gas fires, h. & c., etc. McFie, 8 Beaufort Gdns. Knightsbridge, S.W.3. KEN. 4367.

AT Notting Hill. Luxur. service rooms. Meals. Moderate. 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Bay. 0667.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3 *gns.* Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI 1930.

KENSINGTON—fully furnished flat, three rms. and bathrm. 7*gns.* weekly. Telephone. Box 2271.

HIGHGATE, London. Beautiful service flat for 2 (two) in old house in orchard available mid-July to mid-October; 7*gns.* weekly; Also single bedroom, 2*gns.* Minute tube; near Hampstead Heath. References: Box 1611.

TO Let, May-Sept., 4-rm. furn. cottage, 1,200ft. up Arenig. 6 m. Bala. Superb view. 2*gns.* p.w. Watson, 7 Lambolle Rd. N.W.3.

PARENTS of ex-naval officer, confined wheel-chair, seek ground floor accom. nr. sea-parade for summer holiday; could exch. similer accom. Hampstead. Box 1735.

COUPLE, no children, urgently need unfur. rooms in/nr. London. Box 1673.

WORKING schoolmistress and (occasionally) naval officer husband seek unfurn. accommodation N. or W. London. Fittings purchased. Willing to decorate. Box 1733.

YNG. S. African couple, infant, seek s/c. accom. (min. 2 bedrooms) furn./unfurn., pref. with garden. London area. Box 1727.

Naturalization

NOTICE is hereby given that Jonathan Sofer, of 3 Hare Court, Temple, E.C.4, is applying to the Home Secretary for naturalization and that any person who knows any reason why naturalization should not be granted should send a written and signed statement of the facts to the Under Secretary of State, Home Office, S.W.1.